

WINTHROP

WHY HE IS A PENTECOSTAL PREACHER

FULL
GOSPEL

DATE

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By

D. MARK BUNTAIN

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FOREWORD

In response to the repeated demands of friends of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, my father has consented to have me record the steps which led up to his present position as a preacher of the full gospel.

It is over twenty years since this story was told in part, and it has been repeated by request at camp meetings and other gatherings, he has been urged again and again to put it in print for distribution.

Many vital and interesting details will have to await another volume but enough will be unfolded here to carry out the purposes of this book.

It goes forth with the sincere prayer that it may not only be an inspiration to the young who may read it, and an encouragement to all who know this way, but in the hope that it will answer many questions that trouble honest hearts today.—What is the Pentecostal Movement? What is the Baptism of the Holy Ghost? What is speaking in tongues? Is not the church of my fathers good enough for today? How can I receive deeper things from God? etc. The language is largely my father's, as it has been coined from manuscript written by him.

D. MARK BUNTAIN.

DEAR READER—

In releasing this story for publication my only fear is that some readers will centre their interest and memory around a human person or a family name.

My heart's desire is that as you read this story you will see and remember a kind, loving Heavenly Father, His Son as our Saviour and the Blessed Holy Spirit as our comforter and guide.

D. N. BUNTAIN.

BIRTHPLACE—EARLY LIFE— LEAVING HOME

THE subject of this sketch was born on November 18th, 1888 of Scottish parents,—Alexander Buntain, son of a Scottish pioneer farmer of Rustico, Prince Edward Island, and Adeline McKay, daughter of Captain Donald McKay of Stanley Bridge, P.E.I. He first saw the light of day in the humble farm home at Clifton, New London, P.E.I., where his father and mother had settled after their marriage.

Here in the most lovely surroundings, he grew into boyhood. The farm lay on the salt sea and it is doubtful if any child could have a more helpful childhood atmosphere than had Dan, as the second child of the family was called. The family belonged to that grand Presbyterian day when the Bible was sacredly read and greatly honoured, and the children never closed their eyes in sleep at nightfall without first bowing around mother's knee and offering their good-night prayer. Coupled with this were the services in the Clifton church where a most holy reverence prevailed; where memory verses and the shorter catechism formed a solid background for growing boys and girls.

There was no organ, choir, or hymn books in that church. The congregation sang most heartily from the hymnal,—a book of Psalms and hymns combined, without music, and bound in the back of the Bible

He does not remember when he was first carried into church and christened at the altar, nor when he found his place in the family pew, but he does remember, when but a very young boy, each Sunday, clad in his homespun suit, (for the clothing was made from the wool grown, carded, and spun on the local farms,) of putting his fists in his pockets, and looking up at the saintly Rev. Andrew Sterling, and resolving in his heart, "When I'm a man I'll be a preacher".

What lovely days were those growing days on that farm. There was the long shore line along which all loved to walk, especially when the tide was out. Oysters, clams, quahaughs, and crabs, could be had for the mere joy of gathering them. Then what adventure was his when on certain Saturdays he would be allowed to join the deep sea fishermen and sail away out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and catch cod fish and haddies. These were dried on "flakes" in readiness for winter. A trout stream crossed the farm from which he and his brothers pulled hundreds of speckled beauties." He tells of visiting the old farm a number of years ago when he found the same

stream, though but a trickle of its former self, still flowing, and from it he and his nephew caught over three dozen fish. It seemed as though they were waiting for him. The trip to the local grist mill where the family flour and oatmeal were ground was always one of great interest. Many a growing boy in that locality carried into life the spirit of commerce and industry born in their hearts as they stood in the door of Founds, Warrens, and other local mills, watching the water wheel with its great cogs turn the millstones which crushed the grain, or the saws as they, by the same power, converted the logs into lumber.

Never to be forgotten were the periodical trips to grandfather's home at Rustico and Campbellton. Grandfather McKay was a great hero. He had been a sea captain and had sailed the seven seas. His stories of adventure and conquest were listened to with greater interest than they had ever invoked before. What dreams and plans were being laid in youthful hearts as he would tell stories of the sea!

In this quaint, beautiful, clean atmosphere, Dan grew up. The country school which was within half a mile from home was the centre of learning. It was a plain building, one storey, and one room, with two ante-rooms, and according to the custom of the country, shingled all over. Here teachers, noble men who were more than teachers held

forth. They were moulders of lives. What a contribution the jardines made to this young life! Their system of teaching has never been improved. From that school leaders were sent who have found their way to the top in every phase of human endeavour and in every part of the globe.

It was here that Dan and his older brother, Fulton, earned their first money. They contracted to look after the school. Their duties were to sweep and dust the school daily, light the fire and care for it, provide the kindling, haul the coal from the dock over a mile away, bank the school and take general care of the grounds—all for the sum of twelve dollars per year. They never felt so rich in all their life as they did at the end of the year, when each with his six dollars in hand, marched home to father. They felt that they were doing their bit to help Mother and Dad build a home and in this they were happy. There were no ice cream cones nor soft drinks in the alphabet of life in those days. The only dissipation indulged in was when annually the family attended the "Orange Tea". Each of the children had five cents to spend. The boys walked around all day and watched the swings, the home-made merry-go-round, the booth with its big bunch of bananas, and its lemonade. Their father always says that each had dinner in the big shaded booth

formed by leafy trees strung over a framework of poles, and at least one "swing" on the "merry-go-round". Then before going home in the evening they made one grand plunge and spent the nickel. They would walk home after having so much good wholesome fun and talk about it for months afterwards.

Each season brought its quota of farm work and each child was kept too busy with it all to get into much mischief. Here great lessons were learned. An invaluable lesson was learned one evening when putting turnips into the greenhouse. Each farmer planted several acres of turnips. These had to be thinned, hoed and cultivated during the summer. The big task was to harvest them. The men would "top" and "knock" out several cart-loads during the day and haul them to the big "greenhouse". When the boys returned from school it would be their task to throw these turnips through a door about two feet square into the greenhouse. It was hard work. Each boy by taking two turnips together with his hands, would toss them through the small elevated chute and hear them land in the deep cellar. The task seemed beyond them and Dan always rebelled against it. Then one evening, an idea seized him, "If we keep at it, two at a time, and not give up, we shall finish the job". After that it seemed easier as every evening in turnip harvest he applied him-

self to the task. "If we go at it and keep at it we shall finish the job." Since then he has never taken on a job but he has worked tirelessly at it and could never be satisfied until it was finished. He had discovered a great joy—the joy of conquest. The joy of having completed a difficult task.

HIS FIRST SORROW

In the providence of God, however, a cloud of sorrow was to settle over that lovely home scene. One winter as the Empire mourned the passing of their beloved Queen Victoria, their mother was called home to her reward and on a February day the children followed the hearse as it slowly left that farm home bearing away their dearest treasure. How thankful they have been through the years that among all the pictures that hang upon the wall of memory there are none so lovely as the pictures of that Christian mother as she folded them into bed each night after the good-night prayers.

Here was the father left with Fulton, Dan, Dora and Chester. How wonderful that they were not only in an earthly father's care but in the watchful care of a kind, loving Heavenly Father. How fortunate they were that they had been started right—sound ancestry, noble parentage, early disciplinary training were going to demonstrate that God's way is the best way.

There was no smoking, dancing, card playing, nor cheap reading in that home. The Bible and a few carefully chosen books composed the family library and every one was schooled in industry. What a story one would write of life as it was lived amongst those people, but this is not the place for it. Sufficient is it to say, here God's name was honoured. The people lived in His fear and time was precious. It was not to be wasted. "Early to bed and early to rise" was the rule of that household. Sunday was a holy day. The feed was prepared for the stock on Saturday, the shoes were blackened and the Sunday dinner prepared. All were astir early Sunday morning,—was it not the most important day of all with Sunday school, services for worship and meditation? Father Buntain, very wisely, if the weather permitted, took the children for a walk in the afternoon along the shore and home through the woods. This helped gave him opportunity to teach the lessons of the great outdoors. There was no swimming, picking gum, climbing trees, frivolous acting nor playing on the Lord's day, but what happy times all had around the old organ. It was God's holy day and even the dog seemed to sense the same.

HIS CONVERSION

Dan had always been a good boy. No teacher ever had any trouble with him. He was a good

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student and had an unusual memory. One summer an evangelist named Conductor Joe McKay came to Clifton church. The Rev. John Stirling had been superannuated, and Rev. John Murray, who succeeded him, brought in an evangelist. This was an innovation in that church as no evangelist had visited it in the memory of its people. But it was God's way of reaping a harvest from the seed that had been so faithfully sown by the saint of God, Alexander Stirling. The meeting ran on for about two weeks without a break. God was dealing with many souls. The Holy Ghost was searching deep in Dan's heart. One day as he was cutting poles in the woodlot with his father, he was terribly under conviction, and promised the Lord that if he would let him live until night that he would go to the inquiry room at the altar call. The inquiry room had been established in a section of the gallery and he had it all planned that he would sit at the back of the church and when the call came he would slip upstairs and have it all quite private. But upon reaching the church, to his astonishment, all the back seats were full so he had to go nearly down to the altar to find a seat. That night God was pulling hard. It seemed that the evangelist knew all about him and laid bare his sins and his lost state. The only escape was through the gateway of repentance. As the audience rose and began to sing "Just as I am" he could hold out

no longer. No matter who looked on, he was going to surrender to Christ and leaving his seat marched down that aisle facing the congregation who had watched him since the day he had been first carried into that church in his christening robes. As he went to the inquiry room about thirty others followed and a revival broke which sent preachers, missionaries, and gospel teachers over the land. Growing out of this revival a Christian Endeavour was started with Dan as its president. What a story could be written of what followed. A story of transformed lives and changed homes. The subject of this sketch was still but a youth. With this quickening in his soul, was revived the call to be a preacher. But the big farm needed a strong hand and he found himself building fences, milking cows, and hoeing corn. Each day as he rose in the early morning and brought the cows in from the pasture, or tended the horses there was a tug deep in his soul to get away from it all and to be a preacher. He threw himself into the local activities of the community — became a most active member of the Sons of Temperance and found his feet as a public speaker in the debates and rituals of that Order. During these years he told no one of the deep desire in his heart, but a prayer was formed in the depth of his soul—a prayer that has ascended from that heart every day until the present, “Lord guide my life so that

I will be a man of power and influence, and a great blessing to the world.” God knew all about it and was going to lead him by a strange way.

THE HARVEST EXCURSION—
REACHING WESTERN CANADA—
THE LUMBER CAMPS

CHAPTER II

THE HARVEST EXCURSION

The overflow of population which during the years had always found an outlet in the New England States, was now finding its way to the Western prairies, and Dan, when just under sixteen years of age, obtained permission from his father to go to Western Canada on a harvest excursion. A number of the neighbouring young men had made the trip previously and had returned with glowing stories of that land of opportunity.

It was a gloomy household that evening when they bid good-bye to him as he took his way to the great northwest. Little did he realize that as he rode down the farm lane to the country road sitting on the back of the old farm buckboard what a world of adventure lay ahead. But while there was something in his throat which prevented him from speaking, the tears which flowed down his cheeks told of the conflict that was going on. Down in his heart there was peace and joy. He had in the little trunk which contained his clothes, a half-

dozen theological books and a Bible. One of these books was a much prized one—a book of sermons by a Baptist preacher named McGarvey which had come into his hands through his stepmother, a refined Christian woman whose influence was to be far-reaching in that home. Perhaps after all, God would open up the way for him to carry out the desire of his heart.

The Government had co-operated with the railroads and made it possible for one to travel to any point on the prairies for \$13.50. Upon reaching Kensington station, he had his first test of honesty and honour. There was a long line queued at the wicket. He, as usual was near the head of the line, and had secured his ticket and was on the platform when he discovered that he had not given the agent the money. The enemy said, “Keep that money.. The agent will not know who it was that has not paid.” But, no, God knew. So he returned, awaited his turn in the line and told the agent that he had received his ticket but had not paid over the money. The agent would not believe him. He knew how much money his father had given him, and counting out the price of the ticket, he left it in the hands of the astonished agent and hurried out to bid his father good-bye. Before many minutes the train was pulling out for the west. On board was a lad whose heart was filled with hope and wonderment. As the coaches rounded the

bend towards Summerside, he could see a kind father standing on the platform wiping his eyes. HIS SON WAS LEAVING FOR THE UNKNOWN. He could not understand why he released him from the home and farm to go away into a big cruel world, but he was gone, and committing him in the care of God, the father returned to the old home.

No more solemn, wondering boy ever crossed the Strait of Northumberland than this one who was carrying in his heart the great desire "to be a preacher". He was bidding good-bye to friends perhaps for the last time and many could not understand why a boy with such good prospects could not be content to remain on that fine farm. They had answered the call of the west and each had his personal private dream of fortune and a great day when he would return as the home-town hero. What disappointments awaited many of them. But that is a story that is woven into the birth pangs of the prairie world.

With the stops and delays, it took the train seven days to reach Winnipeg. The adventure of that and of other trips will be told again, but finally in the streams of immigrants and settlers that poured into the western gateway the harvesters landed. Winnipeg was a mere town in comparison with the Winnipeg of today. Main street was paved with round blocks which stood on end. Wooden side-

walks resounded to the patter of immigrant feet from around the world. The C.P.R. depot was a wooden building, west of Main Street. To this farm lad it seemed that all the world was in Winnipeg. Above the noise, a strong voice was shouting "Right over this way. Free lunch at the Manor Bar." The crowd of harvesters all ready to get anything that was free were crowding that way. The bar was a long counter with men dishing out schooners of beer, a tall glass with a handle on each side. "Ten cents for a schooner of beer and a free lunch." He joined the crowd and put down his ten cents and out came a glass of beer. He had never seen or tasted beer in his life and did not know what to do with it. So he asked, "Can I have the lunch if I do not drink the beer?" A big burly fellow downed it in one long swallow. The lunch consisted of a ladle of mulligan soup which had little appeal to this farm boy, accustomed as he was to the big steaming dishes of an Eastern home.

Their destination was Carberry, Manitoba. That same evening found them leaving Winnipeg and for the first time they looked in amazement at the great flat prairie. This was the great land they had read of in their school books "a land where the settler had no rooting or stumping to do, but a land where he could run a furrow from end

to end of his farm, where fortunes would be made in only a few years."

Reaching Carberry, they discovered that while there was a bumper crop, there was a surplus of harvest hands and as the boys were short of funds, They slept the first night on the Western prairies in the little park that skirts the railroad near the Canadian Pacific station. The following day a kind livery stable man told them that they could sleep on the horse blankets in his livery stable office. Several days went by and no chance of employment. Then one evening a farmer hired the group to engage in threshing on his machine. They were to walk out to his farm the next day, a distance of several miles. Early in the morning, they pooled their resources, twenty-five cents in all, and purchased a box of soda biscuits. Stopping at a point where water was flowing through a culvert, they choked them down. The day was hot and the suitcases were heavy but finally they reached the farm home only to learn that the arrangements were cancelled and that the machine was not going to operate, as planned. Foot sore, weary, homesick, and hungry, they started back for town. Near sundown they were overtaken by two men in a wagon and offered a ride. These men were on their way to town in search of four men for stacking. As soon as Dan

learned this he sent up an earnest prayer that he might be chosen and was the first one picked.

How thankful he was that night when after a good supper amid kindly surroundings he was shown the little room that would be his in company with Tweed Mayhew, a boy from Margate, P.E.I. He fell upon his knees and thanked God, conscious that this was probably in His plan for the future. Here he resolved that he would be the best hired man that that farmer ever had.

Great busy days flew by as stack after stack of wheat and oats took shape in two long rows to await the thresher. And then the threshing. He got a job on Nelson's machine as a band cutter, but his eye was on that steam engine and he resolved that he would master the details of steam power, and one day run one of those engines.

The threshing and plowing season over, he went into Brandon and registered at the Brandon Baptist college as a matriculation student, and engaged a room at 1528 Lorne Avenue.

The studies were hard, the atmosphere of the school was to his mind reckless and frivolous, and he wondered and prayed to know what was God's will for his life.

GOD LEADS BY A STRANGE WAY

One night, a lonesome stranger in a strange city, just for something to do, he wandered down



*The Buntain farm home, New London,
Prince Edward Island*



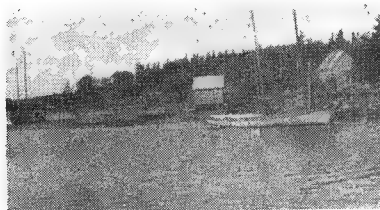
*Barns on the Buntain farm, New London,
Prince Edward Island*



The country school, New London, P.E.I.



*The Presbyterian Church, New London
Prince Edward Island*



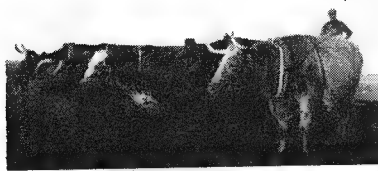
On shore line, Prince Edward Island



The homestead shack, D'Arcy, Sask.



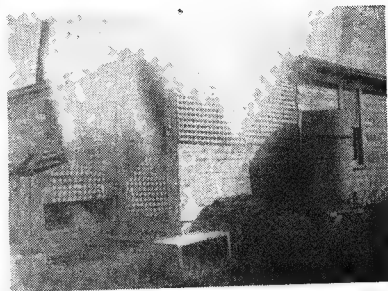
*Bringing home a new plow
"Buck" and "Blue" in harness*



Bill Grogan driving Dan's oxen



*Mrs. Campbell and her five sons,
Dodsland, Sask.*



The Parsonage, Dodsland, Sask.

to the C.P.R. Depot. A train came in from the west. As the passengers alighted, he noticed amongst them a tall young man from Prince Edward Island. He had seen him on the harvest excursion but did not know his name. Approaching him he was recognized as being from "the Island". "My name is Buntain, what is yours?" "Mine's McLaren from "The Island". Where are you going?" "I am leaving tonight for Nelson, B.C." . "If you will wait until tomorrow night I will go with you?" "All right, I'll do that." And there in a flash, on that station platform a decision was made which was to determine the whole course of a life—a life which was destined to influence many others.

The next night saw two young men leaving Brandon for the Crows Nest Pass which was not only to admit them into the wonders of the Canadian Rockies but into the gateway of the unknown. It was early winter, the thermometer registered 55 degrees below zero at Brandon, but when they reached Nelson, beautiful Kootenay Lake was open and flowers were still blooming in the front gardens. It was in the days when everything was described as "wide open", and during their stay in the city, they made the Klondyke Hotel their headquarters. Addison McLaren had been well raised and when the two boys were alone, they read and prayed together. A lasting

fellowship was formed. Finally, in an employment agency, they secured a job as bushmen in the W. E. Cook Lumber Camp at Meadow Brook near Lardo.

HIS FIRST GREAT TEST

Following a most delightful sail up the Kooteny Lake in the rear paddle steamer, Kuskanook, they reached Lardo. All was stir and bustle as the men were unloading and starting over the road to the camp, each carrying his "pack" on his back. The boys of our story were among the last to arrive so had to accept the lower bunk, by the wash basin, quite near the door. Here they prepared a bed by packing the log frame full of cedar boughs and spreading a blanket over them. Dan was the only one amongst hundreds of men who had any "good" clothes. He had a small trunk with a few books and his carefully packed clothes. He tied a rope to the trunk and putting it over his shoulders dragged it over the snow several miles to the camp. One of the bullies raised a great "Haw Haw" when he took it into the bunk house and arranged it at the end of the bed. "A trunk in camp! Who ever heard of a lumberjack carrying a trunk?" He was to learn that this lumberjack had been raised on a bush farm and could hold his own with any man with saw or axe. He was to learn before the spring freshet

would carry the logs to the mills that the owner of that trunk had grit and courage which by pure silence was enough to disarm the most arrogant bully.

That first night in the lumber camp is one never to be forgotten. The events of that night did more to shape his future than probably any other night in his life.

What a life! Such language, and such odours! The inmates apparently represented many nationalities and had lingo and habits which were blended to form a lumberjack world.

Our heroes sat in quietness amid all the chatter. Tobacco smoke mingled with the aroma of drying clothes, and the clatter of card players rose above the drumming of musical instruments and the voices of homesick youngsters, who stretched out on their bunks, sang the fireside songs of home.

At nine o'clock the gong sounded. It was the signal "Lights out". All must cease talking and prepare for bed. And now the greatest test that these innocent farm lads had ever faced was theirs. Would they say their prayers amid this irreverent crowd? McLaren was undressed first. He sat on the log which formed a seat along the front of the bunks with his face in his hands for a moment. The great battle was on. No, he could not do it. He jumped into bed no doubt saying in his heart, "I should do it, but I will pray in bed." He sold out

in that moment and in the months that they spent there he could never bow in prayer before those men. Dan faced the tempter and calling upon all the powers of his being, dropped upon his knees and putting his hands together, just as his mother had taught him at her knee when a child, he offered up a prayer of thanksgiving for a loving Father's care during the day and asked for His protection for the night with guidance for the future. He won a victory for life that night. It was always easy after that. Each night before retiring he always bowed in prayer and only once during the whole winter was a disrespectful word uttered. One night, the head foreman was in the camp when the "Lights out" gong sounded and as the young man bowed to pray, he said in derision, "Boys, let us pray." He expected to have others join him in a sort of horse-laugh but instead there was complete silence. That boy had won the confidence and respect of the whole bunk house, the hated, swearing, slave-driving boss sneaked out and was never seen in the bunk house again for weeks.

The adventures of the lumber camp will have to await another volume if God permits. It is sufficient to say here that before spring, different ones of the roughest and toughest men in that camp came to the young man who had not attempted to preach, but had simply been clear cut in silent witnessing, and said, "Kid, I wish I

could do what you are doing. I wish I were young and clean like you." What opportunities were his! Men as ever were looking for reality and in their hunger became candidates for righteousness. Every night as he wrote in his diary, the incidents of the day, a still small voice would whisper, "This is good experience, these incidents and experiences will all be of great value as you stand before men as a preacher of the Gospel."

During the winter he worked at every job in the camp except cooking and scaling. Building skid-ways, cutting cross hauls, clearing roads, felling trees, sawing, skidding, sending up, top loading, and blacksmith work. He had a hand at them all. It was a great college. Here he learned what no other school could teach him, and with the awakening of spring, the boys took the boat and leaving Meadow Brook behind, probably forever, they took the Great Northern train to Spokane.

What has the unravelling future to reveal? Where is this winding road leading? Will he reach his goal? Is this part of a theological course planned by a Divine Hand? Surely this is not the way Gospel preachers are trained. We shall see.

RAILROAD CAMPS— THE CALL ANSWERED

CHAPTER III

THE two young men reached Spokane full of wonder as to the future.

Providence seemed to have planned a difficult road for each. Addison accepted a job in Idaho while Dan contracted with the firm of Foley, Welch & Steward to go up to Princeton, B. C., to work on a steam shovel job. They parted on the station platform in Spokane; Addison weeping bitterly at the separation. Fifteen years was to go by before they were to meet again.

Dan found himself in the company of a group of rough, drinking, swearing railroad builders and amongst them was the steam shovel crew.

The men were planning on travelling that lamentable road down which hundreds of thousands have travelled through the years. Their chief concern was to go out on this steam shovel job, save their money for a few months and return to the city and "blow" it in one grand big time. "Wine, women, and song" was the theme of the conversation.

Dear fellows, how low their standards were and

how far removed they were from the better things, and yet many of them, had, like Dan, been born and reared in Christian homes. But the force of environment had swept them down the sewer as it seethed and bubbled on its way to Hell.

Dan drew the "shovel runner" and the "cranesman" into solemn conversation and brought them right on the train to new resolutions as he set before them a new purpose. But he was to learn that it takes more than good resolutions to stand the attacks of the enemy. That one must feel their need of Christ and have Him rule his life.

The story of these men as life roared on in the railroad camp will be told again. They really wanted to be men but would not pay the price of victory which is so necessary if one would have power over the great adversary. They held out for about three months but the alcoholic craze overcame them and they bolted as men possessed, the very first time they entered a hotel. The clanking of the glasses coupled with the hilarity of the bar room where the boys were "hitting it up" was too much for them.

Dan, however, was learning the ways of the enemy and proving the keeping power of Christ. In the meantime he had acquired an elementary knowledge of steam boilers, and was "set off" at Keremeos with instructions to steam up and "cut in" a large steam shovel that was "set out" on the

siding there. Here he bowed upon his knees in the darkness of the night, all alone on a railway siding, and asked God to help him as he would build a fire in the fire box and test out the injector, pumps and engine when steam was up.

Princeton camp was organized at the junction of the Similkamean and Tulamean Rivers and the task of the men was to take out the approach for a tunnel through the mountain. It proved a greater undertaking than was anticipated and many were the problems that confronted the powder monkeys and blasters as the ninety-foot face of gravel and boulders would slide. Here, he continually witnessed to the men and became known in the camp as "the Kid"—a name which stuck during his railroad experiences.

As night watchman, his work was responsible and strenuous. He had to clean and refill all the lubricators, keep steam up in two locomotives and a steam shovel. Clean the clinkers from the fires, spot the engines to the coal chutes and fill the bunkers, spot them to the water tank and fill the tenders. This together with the cleaning of the engines and looking after the water pump kept him busy all night long. But it was wonderful training in discipline as well as providing every opportunity to get a working knowledge of steam engines. He resolved that every wheel would turn to perfection

when the day crew would come on and take over at eight in the morning.

Dan attended the Presbyterian church in Princeton and was the only man among the hundreds in camp who ever thought of church. At every meeting he studied the preacher and thought what a privileged character he was. Down deep in his heart was the assurance that some day God would honour him with a little church or use him as an evangelist in rural areas.

TESTING CHURCH EFFICIENCY

With the completion of this work, the equipment was moved to Abbotsford and of the hundreds of men employed, only three were retained and given a free pass to the other job. He was one of the three. Honesty, industry, and righteousness had again paid big dividends. The trip took them through Spokane with a lay-off over Sunday. As he had made it a practice since leaving home to attend church at every opportunity, he resolved to visit some popular churches in the guise of a working man and to study them. Down in his heart was that call which he could not get away from. He was studying preachers and churches wherever he went in preparation for the day when he would be preaching the gospel. The first church was a massive one with an apparently wealthy congregation. After reading the invitation to strangers

on the large brass plate on the side of the tower, he walked into the vestibule wearing a clean suit of overalls, and awaited an usher in the hope that he would be shown into a seat and given a glad handsahke. But he was to be disappointed. He stood unnoticed while many others were greeted and shown to their respective seats. Here was in their midst a wandering labourer and they did not want such around. He went outside, copied down the sign of the church bulletin and wrote under it, "This is a lie", and tried another place. Such experiences were all part of a training which the great Director of the universe was putting him through. He was learning lessons that the regular colleges do not have on their curriculum.

From Spokane, he joined the crew which took over the two steam shovels near Abbotsford. Here, during the following summer, active railroad building, was blended with delightful contacts on ranches, and in local churches. He again was the only man in camp who went to church, and so often felt sorry for the stupid, worldly men who worked so hard and received so little of the real things which a kind Heavenly Father had for them.

Here, he reached the stage where he felt that he could manage one of these locomotives, and going upon the recommendation of the Superintendent of construction "Black Jack McDonald"

to New Westminster, he wrote his Steam Engineer's examination before Boiler Inspector Peck, and very proudly returned to camp with a license in steam—good for life.

The next day, he was put on one of the engines and felt very important as he spotted the cars to the steam shovel or pushed the long train of cars down to the dump.

The camp at Abbotsford was located on the Boley ranch about three miles from town. The "right of way" ran through the ranch, in fact it cut right through the barn yard between the barn and the house. A conspicuous item of interest to the hundreds of young men who worked on the project was the charming ranch girl named "Etsel". She was the subject of many a conversation among the men. No movie star was ever admired more than this young girl of that valley home. The Sunday and mid-week services were held in the rural school house and Dan soon became well acquainted with this fine Boley family. He became the envy of all the men as he spent many a pleasant evening playing tennis on their lawn or helping himself to the strawberries and cream or the big Bing cherries. Such hospitable, charming people those Boleys were, and being a Christian gave him an open door to share in their comforts and association. The men who did not make it a practice to go to church were barred

from the best, and had to find recreation in the saloons and pool halls.

Abbotsford was a thriving town in those days. The B.C. Electric was building through from Vancouver to Chilliwack at that time and the two large bar rooms with the pool and dance halls were doing a thriving business. On Saturday nights, especially, many hundreds would throng its streets and line three deep along its bars. Its dirt street was a quagmire when it rained as people in every form of the then known conveyances milled through its mud.

Apart from the church meeting where he became known, Dan found little real fellowship which like every other human he needed and was unconsciously seeking.

One evening upon making a survey of the village, he observed that the Methodist church had upon their bulletin board, the following announcement, "Epworth League". True, he was dressed in his camp clothes, and was just one of the many eternity bound souls that thronged the street, but he would go in and test out the sincerity of this church.

The meeting was already in progress as he entered. The group was gathered around the front. He sat down about six rows from the back and after bowing reverently in prayer, took in the proceedings. No one came to inquire who he was

or to ask him to join the group at the front. No one said, "Good evening, we welcome you to our church." The meeting continued. From time to time some would turn around and size up this stranger that had wandered into "their" church. But the meeting closed and the group filed out and no one ever inquired about this lonely lad. Little did they know that over thirty years later this same young man would be in Abbotsford opening a Pentecostal Church and that many would be asking, "Why do those Pentecostal people build a church in a town that already has too many churches?"

He discovered that the Devil's gang were most sociable. That they were continuously inviting him into the card games, the pool and bowling allies, the saloons. They showed keen interest in him. They knew that hunger for fellowship is strong in every living, moving thing, and were capitalizing on it. This church was missing its great opportunity. They apparently did not realize that if a young man away from home does not find companionship in the right environment he is in the great danger of finding it in the wrong. Dan contrasts this visit with his experience one Sunday when stopping in Nelson, B. C. He had planned on attending the Methodist church in the morning and the Presbyterian at night. On Sunday morning, he entered the vestibule

of the Methodist church. An usher took him by the hand, and gave him a welcome, then introduced him to another usher, who showed him to a seat and gave him a hymn book open at the hymn that was being sung. That usher kept his eye upon this young stranger and getting hold of him, introduced him to a number of other young people who urged him to join them in the Sunday school at three o'clock. Here again he was warmly received and made one of them. Needless to say, he forgot all about his other plans for the day and was back there to swell the crowd which overflowed that church at seven o'clock.

The summer rolled on. He liked his job and the pay was good, but each night as he wrote in his diary that inner voice would remind him that this was all only part of a training for the Christian ministry. Here again he won the love and esteem of every man in the great camp. Especially amongst the Italians, and Dagoes as they were called, was he welcome as he showed kindness to them and talked to them of their homes in Italy or southern Europe. Every one called him "the Kid" and he, by their special request, ate with the head bosses at a special table; and more, when the chief of the camp would go into the city, he would take him along, and entering the best hotel would say to the clerk, "I want the best room in the hotel for 'the Kid' here." God

was good to His own and was preparing him to contact and help his fellow creatures.

Finally, as the autumn came, the call grew intense and a great stirring came into his soul to return to the prairies, and take up a homestead through the sale of which he might go on to college and prepare for the work that all along the way had been uppermost in his heart.

Is he mistaken in his call? Will God work it out? If so, how?

A COVENANT WITH GOD—FILES ON HOMESTEAD—DAYS OF PREPARATION— FINDS A LIFE PARTNER

CHAPTER IV

THROUGH a chain of circumstances, we find

Dan next at Stoughton, Saskatchewan. Here he put his knowledge of steam engines to good use by running a threshing engine. He loved the smell of an engine and the taste of lubricating oil. There was no music sweeter to his ear than the tune of a well balanced slide valve as it measured the steam in a steam chest to turn the wheels of power. But each day as he pushed straw into the chute to fire the boiler, lined up the engine, and backed into the belt, or watched the spike pitchers lay the sheaves upon the feeder row upon row, there was one urge in the depths of his soul,—an urge which would not die but grew more and more insistent. "Get ready to preach the Gospel."

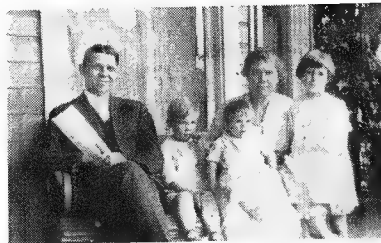
Out in the field one day, after threshing, (he remembers the spot and the moment) on the roadway which crossed the ploughed field, he made a definite decision. He could hold out no longer. There in the open sunlight, on the clear



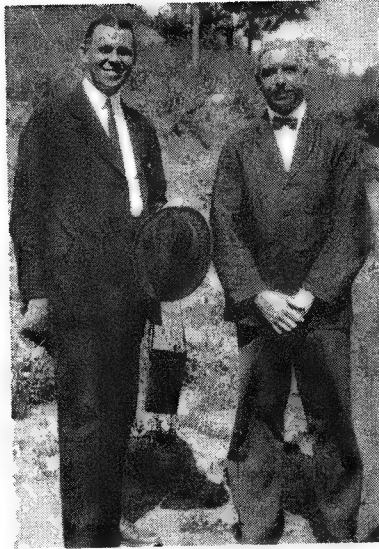
*The Wedding, Glenvern Farm,
Harold, Ont.*



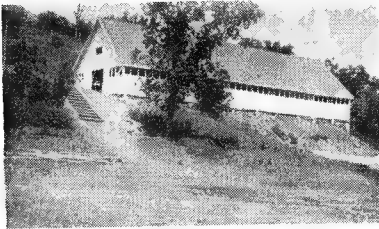
Church at West Kildonan, Man.



The family at Winnipeg, 1928



With Donald Gee at Rock Lake, Man.



Tabernacle, Rock Lake Camp grounds

*The original broadcast group
Wesley Church, Winnipeg*



beautiful prairie, he entered into covenant with God. "Lord, if you will get me a homestead, I will spend my time on it in preparation and when I get my patent I will sell it and go to college and prepare to carry your Gospel to eternity-bound souls."

He went to Saskatchewan, and praying for leading, met after alighting from the train, George Jackson, a school-mate from home. They greeted each other and learning that he wanted a homestead, George said, "I know a man who is a locator. He will locate you on a good one for fifty dollars. His business is to know where the best land is and instead of you spending maybe a couple of hundred dollars running over the country in search of a good piece of land, he will locate you."

The locator suggested either of three quarters near Kindersley. He went out and looked them over, and decided upon one in what became known as the Dunkard Settlement, a fine Christian people. The story of the land offices of those early days and the incidents which were connected with them, formed a great part of the drama of the West and would fill volumes. At this time, no one was allowed to queue up in front of the land office at Saskatoon before six o'clock on the morning of filing. On the wall within an enclosure, numbers were painted and before the office opened at nine o'clock each party who was fortunate enough to be

standing under one of these numbers received a card with his particular number on it. The man under Number One got first chance to file. But the man under Number One, when the office opened, filed on Dan's quarter-section. In the conversation which preceded the filing, he discovered that this man was a policeman from the police force in Saskatoon.

WORKS AS SECTION HAND FILES ON HOMESTEAD

He took it as from the Lord that he was not to have this land and took the train to Edmonton, the terminus of the C.N.R. steel at that time. From here he took a train to Vegreville and went by stage across country to St. Paul de Metis and spent a few days exploring that interesting country. He saw nothing that appealed to him, however, and returned to Edmonton, and accepted a job with the C.P.R. as section hand, on the newly built line running between Macklin and Moose Jaw. He joined the section crew that had charge of that portion of the line between Denzil and Primate. Here he was to have a new experience. He lived in the bunk-car and helped pump the hand car over the line each morning ahead of the passenger train, fix spread rails, lift track, shovel ashes, cut weeds. Several months went swiftly by when one day he received a wire from the locator in Saskatoon asking him to come to the city, as the

type of land that he had been looking for was coming open for filing. He took the first train into the city to learn that it would not be up for filing until the following week. Dan did not record the number of the quarter thinking that all he would have to do would be to return to the office and get the locator's office and learned that Hill the locator was out of town and that "Roy" his partner did not know anything about the matter. On being informed that he probably could be located at Brock or Fiske, Dan said that he would return to the office, go to the C.N.R. station, send two telegrams in the hope of reaching him and leave instructions for "Roy" to go to the telegraph office early in the morning and bring the number of that quarter section to the land office.

He slept in the Flannagan hotel after committing the whole venture to the care and direction of the Lord and arose at five next morning. In the scramble for position at the land office he secured the coveted position under Number One in the vestibule. Hundreds milled around seeking to get in line. Here he was with first chance to file against hundreds but without the number of his quarter.

There was nothing that could be done about it but to pray. Some of the men who had been trying to outwit the police around there for days in their efforts to get under one of the smaller numbers at six p.m., noticed that he was a stranger and was

occupying the first position. They went up to the police station and brought a policeman to remove him. They brought the very officer who had filed ahead of him some months before. The officer was rough at first and questioned him severely. Then he recognized the one he was bullying as the same person against whom he had filed some months before, and slipping up close to him asked the question, "Kid, have you got no land yet?" And the Kid replied, "No." With this the officer turned to the men and said, "I will have to send the chief down to settle this," and walked away. The Kid had a pretty good idea that the Chief would not come.

Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, and a quarter to nine came. The tension was high. No word from his telegrams. At ten minutes to nine the one armed officer, who worked at the office at that time, came out of the door with a bunch of cards with large figures on them, and proceeded to give them out to those who had precedence in filing. Here was the subject of our story holding Number One without the number of the quarter. He anxiously and prayerfully looked up the street and saw the man from the locator's office coming slowly along, smoking a cigar, as though he had all day to get there. He certainly has no news thought the excited young man holding card Number One,—and only about three

minutes until the office would open! In through the crowd pushed the man, and reaching over the people, handed Dan a slip of paper, on which was marked S. E. 14-29-19-W 3rd. Inside of five minutes he had filed on that quarter section which he sold later for over four thousand dollars.

He was sure it was God, so purchased the lumber in the town of Fisk to build a homestead shack and hiring the livery man to draw it, left for the place without ever having seen it. It was one of the finest quarter sections for miles around. The neighbours declared that there had been some mistake, that that land belonged to another man, who had built a sod stable on it with a shack, had dug a well and broken ten acres. But the filing receipt corresponded with the corner stake. God had merely sent some one ahead to prepare the way.

Here, four years were spent. Happy, busy years. It was a new country without roads, schools, etc. When the municipality was formed he became councillor for Division No. 1 of Hillsborough Municipality and faithfully set to work to lay out the roads, operating the grader which built the them, leading into the hamlet of D'Arcy. He planned for a cemetery and supervised the general outline of community planning and represented the municipality on two occasions before the Canadian National Railway board in ironing out disputes.

ORGANIZES CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL FINDS LIFE PARTNER

It was however, around the school and church that his chief interest centered. He took part as opportunity presented itself in the local house meetings and did what he could to promote religious interest in the community. The town site of D'Arcy was located less than a mile from his homestead and he looked forward to the time when it would become the centre of educational and religious life.

One evening, the settlers gathered in one of the three small buildings on the town site, a livery barn, to discuss the need of a school. There were thirty-seven children in the district who had been without school opportunity for two or more years. There were obstacles which seemed insurmountable, so Dan made a proposition. "Let us organize a joint stock company and sell shares amongst ourselves and build a building which can be used for a school and for public worship. I will teach in it this first winter without salary. I had plans laid to pay a visit to my home but this can wait, and I will put in the time on the homestead, and look after the children until some better plan can be worked out."

They agreed to the plan and the next day collected over \$700 in the locality for the venture.

The homesteaders all pitched in and built the building which stands in D'Arcy to this day. Dan and another chap, named Stonehouse, built the seats from pine lumber. They got paper maps from the Lands Department of the Government, and pasted them upon cheese cloth, and taking "beaver board" made the necessary black boards. Here he set up school, and during the winter had thirty-seven scholars in attendance. The school-house became the centre of the social life of the district. The building became the pivotal point of interest. Here, the people from the different lands became acquainted, and through school and church learned the value of co-operation.

In the meantime the consolidated school act came through the Saskatchewan legislature. Upon reading about this, he resolved that this was God's plan for the district, so entered into correspondence with the different districts throughout the country where the idea was being worked, and acquainted himself in the enlarged school idea where the children were taken to school in vans financed from a common fund. The Department of Education sent an inspector from Regina to interview him before they would give the "go ahead" signal. This man, when saying good-bye, took from his pocket an envelope with a young lady's name upon it saying, "I do not know this young lady, but an inspector from Ontario

gave me her name, stating that she wished to come west and teach school. Dan took the envelope and put it on a nail on the wall of his shack where it hung for several months. In the meantime a consolidated school district was formed. Debentures were sold and the contract let for a two-room school building, and finally the board of which he was a trustee and secretary decided to advertise for a teacher. He also dropped a note to the young lady whose name was on the envelope upon the wall. Eighty-five teachers filed applications to teach in that school.

The applications were all opened and read one evening. Mr. Turnbull, the chairman, upon hearing them read the second time stated that the application of Kathleen Bailey appealed to him. It happened to be from the girl whose name was on the envelope on the wall. Dan wired for her to come and take charge of the school.

Only those who have lived during the pioneer days of the prairie life can appreciate the stir that a new "school-marm" created in a district where so many young men were proving up land. Dan who had met hundreds of the finest of girls and who had never allowed a day to pass for years without praying that God would lead into his life at the right time the girl that should become his wife, had resolved that this school teacher must never be anything unusual to him. Being secretary

of the school board, he met her at the train and escorted her to her boarding house. The first question she asked him as he sat down in the parlour of W. Smith's home was, "How many children have you going to school?" His embarrassment was overcome by kind Mrs. Smith saying, "Why, Dan is not married." The teacher blushed deeply and changed the subject. He discovered later that she had come west to earn money in order to go to the Deaconess training college with a view of answering the call to God to the mission field. He was in the district earning money to go to college and become a minister. Their ideas and ideals were so in common that in spite of all his resolutions that he would not be influenced, he became convinced that she was the answer to his prayer. They became engaged and finally were married at "Glenverne Farm", the family home, north of Belleville, Ontario.

He has always given the credit for any successes that may have crowned his efforts to first, the Scotch girl who became his mother, and second, the Irish-Canadian girl who became his wife.

SEEKING AN OPEN DOOR—THE FIRST PASTORATE—THE FIRST CONFERENCE

CHAPTER V

HAVING completed the homestead requirements, he applied for and received his patent. Now, another test was on. He had one hundred acres of land under cultivation; four oxen, and two good mules. He had added a bedroom to the shack, dug a good well, built a frame stable, planted trees, and so improved the place that it had become especially dear to his heart. Besides this, he had a good job as a grain buyer for the Canadian Elevator Company. A fine prairie town had grown up at D'Arcy. And added to this, he was offered the position of postmaster. The enemy was trying hard to offset him from his great purpose. But he told the Lord that if He would get him a buyer for the farm, he would sell it and answer the call. As soon as he made that decision, all the desire for that farm and business was taken from him in a flash, and whilst it was next to impossible to sell land, due to so many homesteads being on the market, God sent two buyers who offered to purchase it at his price. He sold it to a dear friend, Charles Perigo, who had homesteaded on the next

quarter, and whose companionship was so pleasant and enjoyable during the homestead days. During those years on the homestead, he had prayed earnestly and studied hard, in preparation for the great purpose which lay ahead. He spent many days in the lonely shack digging into the Scriptures, in the hope that if he prepared himself, God would use him. The story of those years of homestead life must be omitted here. It is the story of a bachelor life in a twelve-by-fourteen shack on the open prairie, with no trees for miles around. A story of learning how to cook and wash and sew. A story of making contacts and seeking to be helpful to others. It is sufficient to note here that that shack became the sweetest spot in all the world to him, because here in the wonderful quietness, he could read, write and meditate to his heart's content. He was never lonesome. Every waking moment was occupied. He and Charles often walked over the snow on skis, or on snowshoes to Brock, the main trading post for the area, and carried their groceries back. Here, as he studied church history, he was thrilled with the story of Methodism. John Wesley and his transforming Gospel gripped his heart, and he decided that when he entered the ministry it would be through the gateway of Methodism.

He made another discovery, as he waited before God with an open, honest heart, and that was a

most wonderful church, described in the Acts of the Apostles, which was started by our Lord, and carried on by the inspired apostles. He spent weeks studying this church, and wished in his inner soul that there was a church in the world today patterned after it. He would join such a church, no matter what it cost, or how far he might have to travel.

Each winter was full of opportunity for study and investigation. The long winter nights, with no helpful gatherings to attend, were filled with reading and study. He had gone to the homestead with all kinds of ideas of danger from wild animals and bad men; so was armed with two revolvers, a shot gun and rifle. He was soon to learn that those pioneer days were the safest and loveliest that any community ever knew. He soon found out that every settler was like himself—a stranger away from home, and ready to welcome any company that might stray along. He was to find out that nobody locked their doors and everybody was welcome to help himself to food or lodging without any questions being asked. His shack stood at the junction of the two main roads leading to town; and it was no uncommon thing for him to return and find strangers on their way farther west, sleeping in his bed, having stabled their horses and helped themselves to what they could find in the cupboard. Often when walking over the prairie

and becoming hungry and weary he, too, went into homesteaders' shacks and hunting up their jam pail and bread-box made a thick sandwich and went on. The homesteader might be plowing in the field, with the oxen, but would not be concerned. He would know that it was only another homesteader on his way. Dan's shack became a Mecca for young people, and even the older ones liked to call and play his gramophone, or fish a doughnut out of the barrel. The settlers nicknamed his shack "Doughnut Inn", because, having learned the art of making doughnuts in the lumber camp, he kept a supply in a flour barrel. What mattered if they did get old and hard, and sometimes grew whiskers! They were doughnuts, and folks were not particular in those homestead days.

The summers were spent largely in industry; for in common with other homesteaders, he had to earn cash in order to meet the expenses of the winter. Dan spent most of one summer working for the municipality, laying out and building roads. Another summer he spent operating steam plowing engines at Stranraer and Rosetown. What a story he tells of power farming, with the huge tractors. One summer was spent in Saskatoon as an engineer in the Saskatoon municipal power plant. Here he had many opportunities of proving the guiding and keeping power of God—how, when

left alone with massive engines of a different type than any he had ever seen before, except in study books, God never failed him. Here he followed the practice he always followed when operating plowing or threshing engines on the farm, of never touching those machines before each morning getting down upon his knees beside the big wheels and committing all into the guidance and care of Him Who is the Engineer of the universe. How wonderful God was to him; and to think that as he stood each Sunday evening in the door of the power house, the building vibrating with the roaring dynamos, wondering as the people passed on their way to church, if any worshipper ever had a thought for the men who were required to work on God's rest day, that they might ride the trolley and enjoy the bright lights "Some day I will be a preacher. Some day God will open the door for me, and all these experiences will be part of the sum total of knowledge needed to effectively meet men of every calling and present to them the claims of Christ."

He tells of visiting Saskatoon recently as a speaker at a conference, and standing on the elevated bridge which overlooks much of the city, looking down upon, not the old power plant at the foot of Avenue 1, which is now the main pumping station for the city; not the one little bridge which spanned the lovely Saskatchewan River in

those early days; not the wooden sidewalks and dirt streets, but now a great throbbing city, with a mammoth power plant, with three fine bridges, large buildings, university, parks, boulevards, churches and schools—one of America's most progressive modern cities. Everytime he had passed through that hospitable city, he had paused and thanked God that he had a share in its pioneer days. As he rides in its street cars, he is reminded of that day, when as an engineer at the power plant, the big transformers were hooked up and the first street car felt the power and moved upon the rails. The God who builds cities and prepares them for His services, also was building a man.

APPLIES TO METHODIST CHURCH FOR OPENING

After the homestead was disposed of, he was ready for the field, and applied to the Methodist church for an open door. To his surprise he was refused. But this young man had a call, and would not be discouraged. He contacted several ministers, stating his desires and asking for an opportunity to preach the Gospel. The provincial superintendent at last consented to have him preach a trial sermon before a trusted conference officer. If he would attend the service in a certain school house, and preach at the afternoon meeting, they would decide from this whether he should be al-

lowed to preach from a Methodist pulpit. He arrived at the school house, and was "on the spot". Some days later he received a long letter stating that in view of the trial sermon being a failure, it was quite clear that he would never make a preacher, and advised him to "stay with the oxen and mules on the farm. The church needed good laymen, and he could fit in fine in that respect." But this young man had a call to preach the Gospel and he would not give up. He kept right on pounding upon the doors of Methodism, and finally when he knew that the district superintendent was to hold a meeting in the Methodist Church at Brock, Saskatchewan, one day early in May, he decided to attend the meeting and again ask him face to face for an open door. Following the meeting, he walked up to the front of the platform and asked, "When are you going to give me a chance to preach the Gospel?" The superintendent replied, "When the young men return to the college in the fall, we will give you a chance upon one of our fields." He was deeply stirred and said to the officer who was above him on the platform, "I will preach the Gospel and you will never stop me." With this he walked down the aisle and out of the door. Two preachers followed him, and asked him to wait on the porch. They came out later and said, "Tomorrow we will drive you over three circuits, and you can take your pick

of them, as a trial, until Conference, which will be held the last of June." No happier young man ever travelled a prairie trail than this young man that night, as he drove his pinto pony on to D'Arcy to report the good news to his wife. The next day they surveyed the circuits in an old model "T" car. The incidents of the day will be recorded; but sufficient is it to say here that one circuit offered \$700 per year—and one around \$500, and the third from all reports had starved every preacher out. They said, "We don't want a preacher." Returning to Brock that evening they met in George McCosh's hardware store, and there they asked him which one he would have. "The one where they have starved every preacher out", he replied. "Well, why that one?" they asked. "There are many people living there, and they need what I have. If you consent, I will take that field."

THE FIRST FIELD

In a few days' time he and Kathleen, his wife, were on their way to Dodsland. They reached the hamlet to find that no one apparently was anxious to entertain a preacher. Their experience with preachers had not been very happy. So this young couple engaged a room in the hotel until they could secure living quarters. The only available place in town was a two room shack, which had been used by a Chinaman as a laundry. It was not

finished on the inside. The studding was bare, and the flat tar paper-covered roof leaked like a sieve. They moved the bed around when it rained the first night, in an attempt to get a dry spot, but were drenched before morning. The partition between the rooms was formed by shiplap standing on end. Two ten inch boards left out formed a door. The whole building was about twelve by eighteen feet. They borrowed a shovel and a tub from the hotel, and after shovelling the dirt out the window, gave the place a good scrubbing and moved in. Dan took a post hole augur, and bored some holes in the back yard, into which they hung their butter, milk and vegetables. This was their refrigerator. The packing box from their piano was used as a store room at the back of the lot. It was no "Royal York" hotel, but the two happiest creatures on earth made it their home. They were happy because they had each other, and happy because they had an open door to preach the Gospel. Into that humble place one day came Mr. Bailey, Kathleen's father, on a visit. He was on a tour of the West, and decided that he would call around and find out how his youngest daughter was getting along. He had built for his family one of the finest brick homes in Ontario, and the look on his face was a study when they offered him an apple box as a seat at the table. "Have you no chairs?" he asked. They told him not to worry,

that they were happy and while they were not out to get rich in material things, they were obeying the call of God to a surrendered life. He was a good man, and a highly respected officer in the Methodist church at Springbrook, Ontario. He left the following day giving them his best wishes and blessing.

They drove over the circuit and announced in two outside schools that there would be services on Sunday. Then, finding an abandoned store in town, they pushed back the counters, and moved their own piano in, and fixed up the place for Sunday evening service. There were six in attendance at the morning service at Mayfair—four at the afternoon meeting at Dowd Hill, and nine at the evening service on the first Sunday in town. The story of that year on the circuit would in itself make a big book; but it is only sufficient here to say that by honest living, visiting, and prayerful, sincere preaching and teaching, before six months the meeting places were full. To this people who were reported to have starved out the preacher, Dan made only one reference to his salary, and that was on the second Sunday on the circuit, when he said, "All that I will ever say about my salary on this circuit, I am saying it now. The yearly salary for a probationer in the Methodist church is so and so. Do not expect the Home Mission board to pay a cent of it, for I will not accept it. I have surveyed

this district, and see that it is well populated. I observe that the people have horses, cattle, machinery and some have automobiles. I notice that they have hired men. I will be the best 'hired man' in the whole country. I will be no slacker. You can count on me earning my salary each week by honest, loving care of the spiritual needs of all." He tells with pride and satisfaction that those people paid up the salary six months in advance.

HIS FIRST CONFERENCE. ACCEPTED

We will change the scene from Dodsland to Moose Jaw, when Conference assembled. This young man was on trial until Conference. It was to be decided then whether he would be continued on probation or not. In the meantime Oliver Darwin, a most noble man, head of the church for the Western area, had visited Dodsland, and not only shared in the hospitality of the ex-Chinese laundry, but had attended a service conducted by this young couple. Just before lunch on a certain day of the Conference, it was announced by the chairman of the District that the question of receiving on probation a young man named Daniel Newton Buntain, would be amongst the first orders of business following the lunch period, and added, "we will have to be very careful regarding this young man." Dan did not go to lunch, but instead went over in the park, and crawling under a dwarf

spruce tree where he could not be observed, dropped upon his face and burying his very nose in the leaves, laid the whole case again before God, praying Him to defeat any opposition when his case came before that important body. He received complete assurance that all would be well, and prayerfully walked to the Conference. The meeting opened and his case was presented. Different ministers rose and stated their reasons why this young man should not be admitted; but none of them had ever met him, or were in a position to say much. Rev. J. W. Murchison, then Pastor at Kindersley and his District Presbyter, rose and spoke kindly and favourably. Dan was holding on to God, saying over and over again in his heart, "Lord, defeat these fellows. Lord, have Thy way." In the natural it looked very much as though he would not be granted probationers papers, then Oliver Darwin arose and made a statement which was so convincing on his behalf that when the vote was called, he was admitted to the Methodist Church as a probationer. Meanwhile, Kathleen, his wife, was in prayer in the Y.W.C.A. It was a fleet-footed young man who hurried with the good news—"I have been accepted. The great open door has come. We will go on together, as God leads."

Western Canada was forging ahead. It was a young man's country. There were opportunities on

every hand, and some were straining every nerve to climb to the top in law, medicine, or pedagogy--others were matching wits over the rise and fall of real estate, or the dangerous wheat pool. Here was a young couple forsaking it all, and jubilant that a door had opened for them to take the way of the lowly Galilean, and be numbered amongst His despised followers. They had found a stream that promised, not worldly position, wealth, or honour, but sweet peace and eternal satisfaction. Will they succeed? Will God fail them?

DODSLAND — BROCK — PRETTY VALLEY VANSCOY — THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

CHAPTER VI

THE impressions of that first Conference cannot all be enumerated here. Many of the dreams which this young man had of holy men were seriously damaged by the realization that even preachers could be selfish. Here he learned lessons which have been incorporated into the drama of Conference life and especially was there formed in him an urge to seek out the shy, backward, "first comer" and try to make him feel at home.

Hurrying from the Conference they plunged into the work at Dodsland. One day as they were leaving the home of Archie Campbell, Dan said to Kathleen, "God is going to give us a revival on this plain." "How do you know?" "That dear old grandmother in there, as I bowed in prayer by her side, and held her thin, bony hand, said, 'I have been praying for years for God to send His man. You are that man. He is going to send a revival.' " She was saintly, but hard to understand; she talked about being in correspondence with certain people in the States who had sent her an anointed

handkerchief. What could this mean? She asked him if he had been Baptized in the Holy Ghost. Years were to pass by before he would understand her language.

They diagramed that whole territory, and starting out each morning with their pinto pony and buggy, called at every farm home, seeking opportunity to get acquainted that they might inspire confidence, and draw the settlers into the services. What a summer they had! What a drama was unfolding in that country, as family after family became interested, and the Sunday School and church grew in numbers! All who lived in that productive area at that time, and who may read this, will remember the awakening that came, and how many accepted Christ; how the church and its activities became the main source of interest in the whole community.

About November, the preacher and his wife had moved into a better home—a long shack-like building with four rooms and no front door. Here a new joy was theirs, when Donald, their first child was born. He was a perfect little man—so bonny and lovely. But He who sends the storm as well as the sunshine, took him back unto Himself after a little over three months. God was teaching this couple that success lay along the way of the deepest sacrifices. It surely was a sad young couple that gathered with a few friends

one cold winter day in the cemetery at Druid, and saw the little white casket bearing their treasure, lowered into the dark, cold ground.

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS CALLED TO BROCK, SASK.

At the return of the summer, a delegation waited upon the next Conference and urged that they be placed upon the Brock circuit. This was the trading point where Dan had traded in the early homestead days, and where he was well known. They went to Brock at the order of the Conference, and he had the unusual experience of having everybody in town and country call him by his first name—a custom common amongst the early settlers. They all had known him as “Dan”. When he passes that way even today, the old-timers all call him by his first name. The life that counts is the life that stands the acid test of being able to return and enjoy the confidence that honesty, truth and reality have demonstrated in a community. The Gospel he had lived during the homestead days, he was now going to proclaim from the pulpit. God had more than met the desire of his heart.

It was during the first World War. The former pastor had joined the fighting forces, and as he answered the call, the congregation had been for some months without a pastor. A new church had

been built, but not finished. Dan summoned all his force, and set out to rally the cause. He collected enough money to buy the paint, and made a "bee" to paint the building. He climbed the tower and shingle stained it himself. Having leveled the ground and put up a nice fence, he proceeded to carry into effect one of the many conclusions he had arrived at in his preparatory years—"The church and grounds should be the most lovely in every way of any building or grounds in the community."

Here the pinto pony was succeeded by a driving team, and a second hand original model Ford roadster was added to the pastor's equipment. The motto "a home-going pastor makes a church-going people" was put into effect here and that roadster was on the go during the summer, and the horses in the winter. With Netherhill, McCarthy, Proudlove and D'Arcy as outside points, they were kept very busy. For two years they labored here, and had the joy of seeing not only the mortgage liquidated, but the various meeting places thronged with happy worshippers.

ORDAINED

Dan had not yet entered college. He was supplying "under the chair" and fulfilling his preliminary probationary requirements. One day, to his surprise, he received a letter from his District Super-

intendent, stating that the Conference special committee had decided to especially ordain him. He was accordingly summoned to Saskatoon and ordained in Grace Methodist Church in Nutana where Rev. Charles Endicott was pastor. He proudly exhibits the fine Bible given him on that occasion and prizes it very highly, not only because it is a fine Bible, but the inscription on its fly leaf is the only record of that ordination in his possession, his ordination parchment being lifted by the Conference when years later, through a chain of circumstances, he accepted the Full Gospel teaching.

FIRST CONTACT WITH PENTECOSTAL PEOPLE

One day the District Superintendent, who resided at Rosetown notified Dan that he was coming down, being obliged to go to Eston, because the Methodist preacher at that point was acting very strangely. He and Dan went to Eston and discovered that a people who called themselves Pentecostal had pitched a large tent in town and had awakened great interest. Amongst those who attended was the Methodist pastor A. W. Mullett. He had not only attended the meetings, but on the previous Sunday night, in the midst of the evening service, had closed the Bible and quietly announced

to the congregation that he had been attending the services in the tent, that he was convinced that these people had something which he did not have, and that he was never going to preach again until he had received it. Of course, the members and the board were terribly upset. The conclusion of the whole matter was that the Methodist preacher resigned, and much to the dismay of all, and the disgust of some, after all his Methodist training, went over with those "spiritual fanatics". This appeared to both Rev. T. J. Wray and Dan to be the most ridiculous thing they had ever heard of. It will be interesting to note where this man, Mr. Mullett, comes into the story again.

MOVED TO PRETTY VALLEY

During their ministry here, little Alec was sent to gladden their hearts and fill their empty arms. What a dear child! How he won his way into all hearts! With the coming of the Conference, following the second year on that circuit, Dan returned from Conference with the assurance that they were to remain for another year. But the Stationing Committee had strayed a long way from that unsurpassed perfection of John Wesley's day. Two days after returning to Brock, he received a post card, notifying him that in the closing moments of the District Conference, they were moved to Pretty Valley, a rural circuit in the Shaunavon District.

The information which followed, described the new appointment as having "a nice, furnished cottage on the bank of a stream." There was no other course to follow, but to call an auction sale, and sell off the equipment and furniture. It was in the middle of summer. The settlers had very little cash, due to semi-crop failures, and they had to sell their precious goods much below value. However, they knew that the unwritten contract of the Methodist ministry was, on the one hand, a candidate promised to go where he was sent, to take what he received, and to quit when he was told. On the other hand, the church promised to find him a place to preach, to give him a living wage, and when he became too old to preach, to give him a satisfactory retiring allowance. So, after shipping their piano and books, they took little Alec and started for Pretty Valley in the Ford roadster.

After driving several days over prairie trails, which took them through Swift Current, they reached Verwood and were told that Pretty Valley lay forty miles south. So, steering their course down through Willow Bunch, one of the oldest trading posts on the West, they finally reached the top of the hill which gave them a view of Pretty Valley. A wide open valley without a single tree in its whole area, met their eyes. The cottage proved to be a small four-roomed dwelling,

which had been built twelve years previously, and never painted. Dan found the paint intended for its use, in the basement where it had been for all those years. He had to take it out of the wrong ends of the tins, as they had become so rusted. He made a ladder, drove twenty-five miles to Scobie, Montana, for some yellow ochre for trimming, and painted the cottage.

The tiny stream which flowed behind the cottage, ranging in width from one to six feet, was filled with Russian thistles that had come tumbling before the wind across the prairie. All along its course hundreds of grass and water snakes found a home. As for furniture, the only articles of such were a bed, a kitchen stove, pump and wardrobe. After painting the cottage and erecting a small building as a garage and storage place from lumber drawn from Scobie on the roadster, he found that the old car creaked and rattled and refused to be the hero of the great adventure any further. So he found it necessary, before taking up the work of the circuit, to dismantle the engine and rebuild it. This he did, much to the amusement of some settlers who had been told that a preacher was coming. His engineering experience served him well, and the old "Lizzie" was soon "hitting on all four" again. This advertisement of his qualities as a garage expert, brought many farmers to him for advice, and he was just as

happy babbiting a connecting rod, or setting the slide valve on a steam threshing engine as he was when Sunday came around and found him gathered with the people around the story of a Saviour. The experiences of early life were helping him to make contacts for eternity.

The pure white paint on the cottage drew the attention of the whole valley to the fact that a new preacher was on the job. To tell the story of that year's ministry would take pages. Sufficient is it to relate here that they took that roadster car, a large box of hymn books, and a folding organ, and opened meetings in every schoolhouse for miles around. Among the stories which have to wait another volume, is the story of how God saved a young man in Billy Sunday's meetings in Kansas City, and of how He sent him across to Canada to supply those hymn books—hymn books which will appear in the eternal record of many souls, when we read the journal in the skies.

Some folks who read this, from Delightsome Valley, Cow Creek, Hart, Hoath, Harptree, and Willow Bunch, will remember how the settlers would crowd the meeting places, and how the old-time Gospel proved to be the "power of God unto Salvation". That cottage, situated as it was half a mile from any other building, became the centre of community interest. The settlers who read this will also remember how their young Methodist

preacher threw himself, not only into the spiritual life, but how he attended the rural farm meetings; how he interested himself in having a railroad built in that country; how he, with Mr. Day, the Custom Officer on the line, surveyed the prospective grades across the "Big Muddy"; how the settlers sent him at the head of a delegation to Toronto to argue before the Canadian National Railroad Board in an effort to have the necessary railroad facilities built into that district. They will also remember what a wave of disappointment swept over the district when, following the next Conference, their preacher with his wife and Alex, were ordered to Vanscoy, a lovely town in the centre of a prosperous farming area on the Goose Lake Line, not far from Saskatoon.

MOVED TO VANSKOY
JOY AND SORROW
MOVED TO WINNIPEG

It was with tears flowing from pastor's and people's eyes that one morning they climbed into the old roadster, and took the "Pole Trail" ninety miles north to Moose Jaw, and on to Vanscoy. The furniture and equipment which they had gathered together, was trucked to Verwood and shipped ahead to the new appointment. Dan, taking little Alex, now three-years-old, went on to Vanscoy,

while Kathleen remained for the time in Saskatoon. Here, Alice, their only daughter was born.

VANSCOY, SASK.

It did not take them long to get into the swing of things at Vanscoy. They had a nice parsonage, and a very fine church. Besides this, they were greatly impressed with the fine character of the congregation. They were soon, however, to meet with disappointment, and later their deepest sorrow on this circuit. By a strange mix-up, the Railroad Company lost all their goods, except the piano and a rocking chair. Some of the dishes and beds were found later, having gone by mistake to the Pacific Coast. Here they were stolen from a box car, as it sat on a siding. The books, and much of the furniture, with all Dan's manuscript, documents, and papers which he had gathered over the years, were never recovered. This temporal loss was soon, however, to be eclipsed by one that was to stir many and change the course of lives. During the winter a revival had swept that church. Old-time scenes of repentance and old-time shouts of victory resounded, as one sinner after another came through to peace. It was truly a happy family that enjoyed the love and confidence of a happy people.

In the early Summer, Kathleen's sister, Myrtle, who had been in ailing health for some time, was

gradually growing weaker. The family resources were gathered together, so that Kathleen, Alex and Alice might journey east to see her and pay a visit to the old home at Harold, Ontario. Dan accompanied them as far as Moose Jaw, and saw little Alex for the last time, dressed in his brass buttoned coat, with his face pressed against the coach window, as he shook his "paddy", and through his tears was calling out for "Daddy to come, too." Five days later, as Dan was in the parsonage, at Vanscoy, a telegram came which read, "Alex passed away last night—diphtheria." The news of this sad death flashed over the rural telephone lines, and Mr. Cornelius, one of the recent converts, rushed over to the Bank and drew out \$400 and came crying like a child, carrying the money in his hands. He burst into the parsonage, saying, "We are terribly sorry, here, take this money and go to your wife as fast as you can." He and Dan were standing in the kitchen of the parsonage weeping, when Robert Thomas entered. He was also a prosperous farmer in the district, and superintendent of the Sunday School. He was in the field when one of the family ran to him with the news that little Alex was dead. Jumping from the plough, he ran to his car, and hurrying to the Bank he had drawn \$300. With it in his hand, he came to the parsonage expressing his sorrow. He said, "You will need some money." Dan replied, "Mr.

Cornelius has given me enough.” “No, you will need some more. Take this and go to Ontario at once. Leave by the first train,” he urged, as he stuffed the money into Dan’s pockets. He started for the train, and as he was passing the lumber office, the manager came out, and as tears coursed his cheeks, he shook Dan’s hand and left fifteen dollars in it. The train came in, and as he sank into a seat, a woman came along the car aisle and sat down beside him. “I am so sorry for you in your trouble,” she said. “How did you know about it?” he asked. She replied, “I got on the train at Netherhill this morning (100 miles west) and it was the subject of conversation on the platform. Someone wired it through from Vanscoy. You see, you were pastor there, and the people love you still.” Then she added, “You will need some money. Here is \$10.” In spite of every protest, she insisted that he take the money. He was to find out as the wise men provided the expense of the journey of Joseph into Egypt with the child Jesus, God was providing for his expenses. Before the journey was over, it had taken the whole sum.

The story of the sad trip to Ontario, and of being quarantined with the family in the east, need not be related here. But on the return journey a set of circumstances were to occur which, in the Providence of God, were to move the family finally to Winnipeg.

Alice, the baby girl, took desperately sick on the train, with a sore throat. The fear of diphtheria, of course, gripped the young parents, and the conductor isolated them in a compartment. Upon reaching Winnipeg, she was placed under observation in the children's hospital. Dan, in his grief and anxiety, walked the streets of Winnipeg often with his hands in the air, pleading with God to spare his child. It was as he walked along Main Street north in Winnipeg one Sunday morning, that he wandered into McDougall Memorial Church. Here he met the Lowery family, who showed him great kindness. It was through a conversation in this home that the first thought of going to Winnipeg was lodged in Dan's mind. He left the kindness of that home, with the strong impression that God was leading him to Winnipeg. In vision the future was revealed to him, and from that day he had no doubt but that God was preparing him for wider fields.

The swabs from Alice's throat came back negative, and with thankful heart the family returned to Vanscoy. It was not for long, however, as with the coming Conference plans were laid for Dan to go to Winnipeg and take charge of a branch of All People's Mission. He was, by order of the Conference, to attend Wesley College.

ALL PEOPLE'S MISSION—WESLEY
COLLEGE—KILDONAN AND
McDOUGALL CHURCHES

CHAPTER VII

THE journey by car over the dirt roads and trails to Winnipeg took nearly a week. But finally one hot summer day, tired and dusty, the father, mother, and wee girlie reached the city, and after spending the first night in the Brunswick Hotel, started out to explore the possibilities of All People's Mission. Dan had a vision in his mind's eye of a great evangelistic centre, but was amazed to find that it was more of a social uplift centre, with basket-ball floor, gymnasium, and swimming tanks. During that first month he made a thorough survey of that area between Main Street North, and Point Douglass on the Red River, and from the C.P.R. tracks to Redwood Ave., Winnipeg readers will know that this covered a very needy area. In all, he visited 524 homes in that area, finding only twenty-two Anglo-Saxon families. These were mostly folks who had acquired homes in the district in the early days of Winnipeg, and had survived the urge to move which had overtaken so many at

the influx of the “foreigners.” Tabulating the whole history of each family, as far as he could secure the information, he set out to re-organize the work and put it on an evangelistic basis. But upon being told by the Home Mission Secretary for Canada when he visited Winnipeg, that it was not the intention of the Board to change their policy, he looked to the Lord to open some other door of service in the city.

WEST KILDONAN CHURCH OPENS

In West Kildonan, a populace suburb of Winnipeg, was a Methodist Church, which for various reasons was closed. One day, someone telephoned him. He never found out who put in the call. They asked him if he would come to that church on the following Sunday morning and conduct a service. Taking it as from the Lord, he went, little dreaming that he would spend five years in that church, and from that church he would move into the Wesley Pentecostal Church on William Avenue. This church was known to most Winnipeg people as the “Jesus Saves” church—so-called because of the huge electric sign which hung in front of it, giving forth the Gospel by day and night.

The suburban church soon took on a new lease of life. The old members returned, and young people seemed to flock in to the services. There was

one thing, however, that always caused pangs of sorrow to Dan — their way of church financing. There was a continuous round of suppers, bazaars, home cooking sales, and entertainments; all keeping folk busy and active around the church. But he longed for a church where he would not be carrying pork pies, setting up tables for bazaars, and catering to the activities of the Ladies' Aid.

Now he can tell with great satisfaction how Wesley Pentecostal Church of which he was pastor for nearly twelve years, employed a caretaker, an office secretary and deaconess, that never once was his salary late in coming, that from five to eight thousand dollars was given each year to missions, without his having to spend five minutes with any committee discussing ways and means of raising money.

The meetings were interesting in that Methodist Church, and each week brought its quota of blessing; but Dan declares that he never went home from a meeting without a feeling in his soul that there was something wrong. His church, with all its activities, was but a sham in comparison with the great soul-saving centres through which the blessing of God flowed in the early days of the Church. It was largely a social circle. His whole being was at war with the ever-increasing social program that was blanketing the church. He could

not get the people out to pray, or study the Word of God, but in common with the drift of the times, he could get them all out to a supper, and often when he would enter his church he would find the young crowd present, the seats all pushed around the wall and all joining in the merriment of the hour. Like little children on the school grounds, they would be going up and down the body of the church singing, "Here we come gathering nuts in May," or some other rollicking games. From such scenes he would go burdened, crying out, "Oh God, surely there is something better than this. Lead me. Help me."

He experimented with the children of the community, and found that they would respond to a purely religious program. Every Friday evening they flocked in after school to study an interesting Bible course, which he designed and taught to them.

ENTERS WESLEY COLLEGE

We leave the scenes of the suburban church, and go with Dan as he enters Wesley Theological College. He had been fore-warned of the dangers of this institution, theologically speaking. Upon his first visit to a Methodist Conference, he had been billeted with a graduate of this College. This young man was being ordained to the Christian ministry. Dan observed that he never prayed, nor

was he ever observed opening a Bible. He was full of jokes and could monopolize the conversation at the table, but exhibited no spirit of reverence for the things of God. One day Dan asked, "Do you never pray?" He replied, "No I cannot pray. That was all knocked out of me in college." Dan then asked him why he never read the Bible. He replied, "I do not believe it any more." He went on to state that most of the Old Testament stories were pure fiction, and as for the miracles of Jesus, he could not believe such things. Modernism and Rationalism were having their greatest fling in those days. They were destroying the churches. Dan pointed out to him that such statements might be right for a College hall, but he had better not go out into the country and try to feed that to intelligent people, or they would starve him to death.

Upon his second visit to Conference, he was billeted in the boys' school in another city. It would take more space than we have here to describe the actions of the ordination class, which occupied the same floor. Sufficient is it to say that this innocent, ambitious young man, who had passed through many experiences, and who was ready to pay any price to be at his best for his Lord, was greatly disappointed in them, and had it not been that he had a real call, and a real experience in God, he might have turned from it all. Modern-

ism had done its deadly work, and "Ichabod" was truly written over the door of that once powerful, weeping and anointed church. It was an empty shadow of its former self. Repentance and conversion were forgotten themes. Clever men were trying to explain everything and many leaders were trying to get along without God.

The story of his admission to Wesley College, and of the developing years, cannot find space here. It might help to serve the purpose of this book, as it sets out to show how his steps were ordered by the Lord as he moved on seeking to know and do His will, to relate the following incident and fact.

On that eventful day as Dan walked up Portage Avenue and passed through the gate of the college, a man turned in with him. He recognized the man as a farmer and finding it easy from his many exceptional experiences with all sorts of people to strike up a conversation, he asked:

"Are you one of the professors of this institution?"

"No; I am a farmer", replied the man.

"Where do you live?"

"At Carberry."

"And what is your name?"

"My name is Nelson."

"Are you Tom Nelson or John Nelson?"

"I am John Nelson, but what do you know about the Nelson family?"

"Sixteen years ago", Dan replied, "I worked on your threshing machine. You lived farther from town than Tom, and your father lived quite close to Carberry."

How strange, and to think that the baby girl who lay in the clothes basket in John Nelson's home, around which the harvesters used to gather sixteen years before, was now a young lady attending Wesley College, taking an Arts Course, and sat in some of the same lectures with Dan.

Dan balked at the initiation. He had been through too much; had wept with a broken heart amidst eternity-bound men too often to allow mere youngsters to make him look ridiculous by changing his clothes to resemble a clown, and to submit to the most foolish performances. He was too busy, too active, too burdened by recent sorrow and the needs of men, to share in what appeared to him as down-right nonsense, unworthy of men who represented Christ. Of course, his fighting resistance and absolute unwillingness to share in the college pranks, brought him into temporary disfavour; but before graduation day had come they were not only forced to admit his ability, but were won by his personal kindness and willingness to count no cost too great if the object was worthy of his help.

He organized his class and won every college debate in which they entered. It was in the classroom, however, that the most stirring times were experienced. He refused to swallow the modernism which had brought the Church to ruin, leaving it stranded and helpless. He challenged the professor in the very first lecture, and was resolved that even though he would take the lectures, and write the examinations, he would leave that college as he came, with a grip on God. He refused to believe that God was simply "a projection of man's mind". To him God was a kind, loving Heavenly Father, and God's only begotten Son was His precious and wonderful Saviour.

Several highlights from college will have to await another time for recording. Finally the graduation night came, and no prouder theologian ever received his diploma, or walked from a college hall than this young man. It was the culmination of a great effort. It was well worth every sacrifice involved. That was a great night. Convocation hall was crowded. Principal Riddell, that scholarly Christian statesman, was as happy as the young folks, as he handed each one his diploma.

With his college days behind, the regular procedure was for him to be returned to Saskatchewan. But the officers of the Kildonan church

circulated a petition and sent it to Dr. Chown, then General Superintendent of the Methodist Church for Canada, asking that this young man be left in Manitoba, so that he might continue his work at West Kildonan. This was granted on condition that another minister go to Saskatchewan. A minister came voluntarily one morning and suggested an exchange. Meanwhile, as this young man became known he was made presiding pastor of both Kildonan and McDougall churches, preaching alternately in each one, and filling in the intervening service with the aid of certain consecrated and capable lay preachers, who had seen years of successful service in the old land. This arrangement continued until he was called to wider service.

Through the wholeheartedness in the work of the ministry, he found himself holding the positions of statistician of the Manitoba Conference, assistant secretary of the Conference and secretary of the Ministerial Association of the City of Winnipeg, an august company of over two hundred ministers.

REVIVAL IN KILDONAN

In the midst of all these activities, Dan was most dissatisfied. He longed for a real revival, and made known the burden of his heart to his church board. One morning, Brother Wright, a

saintly layman, came to the little parsonage on Kilbride Avenue, and said that his heart was heavy and that he was crying out for the Spirit of God to fall upon the church. He and Dan knelt in the small bedroom, where he had a packing box turned on its side for a desk, and committed the whole matter into God's hands. It was a few days before Christmas. That very afternoon Evangelist Gilbert called the parsonage on the telephone, stating that God had laid it upon his heart to call and ask if it would be feasible to come and lead in a series of meetings. Dan said, "Yes, come along." He came, and a revival broke out which swept many into the kingdom. Some who read this, will remember how the Spirit of God moved upon many hearts in those days. Meanwhile, at McDougall church the Spirit of God was moving. Revival broke out, and old-time Methodist scenes were re-enacted. God was answering prayer.

DR. PRICE COMES TO WINNIPEG

As secretary of the Ministerial Association, he was most familiar with the wonder and discussion which grew out of certain correspondence from Victoria, Vancouver, and Calgary. A man named Dr. Charles S. Price had been in those cities. He had drawn great crowds, and had practised praying for the sick. He was heading for Winnipeg, and all should be warned against him. The Asso-

ciation could not keep him out of the city, but they could, through their pulpits, warn the people against him. Dan often tells of how he would stand in his pulpit and with chosen language warn the people against this man and this sect known as "Pentecostal" people. He was sincere, but wrong.

He, with the other preachers, became the best advertisers of the meetings, and awakened curiosity in many. The meetings in Winnipeg opened in the arena, which seated 7,000 people. Some of the congregation from West Kildonan went, and returned with a glowing report. Curiosity—that mighty agent of God—gained the better of Dan, and he resolved to visit the rink and size up the meetings for himself. When he reached the rink the people were pouring in by the hundreds. He hoped that he might find a seat where he could see what was going on, without being observed. And whom did he meet at the door but A. W. Mullett, the young preacher whom he and the District Superintendent had tried to "set right" at Eston, Saskatchewan, several years before. "Hello", he said, "Are *you* here?" "Can I get a seat where I can see what the meeting is like, without being seen?" Dan asked. He did not want to be seen with these Pentecostal people. Had he not been told that they were a lot of fanatics—a lot of weak-minded, illiterate, simple folk, who did not know any better,

and were easily led. Had he not been told that they were "holy rollers"—that they rolled on the floor and climbed the posts, besides doing many unseemly things. He was to discover that they had in their numbers the most talented and sane people of the land; that they had God's Truth and were truly happy, even though they were despised. He had to learn that here was a body of people who were honestly trying to reproduce in the experience of men the experiences of the early church but to be seen in such a company was then too much for his pride. Mullett took him to a little alcove away up in the end of the rink, hung there as a glassed in balcony for the band when playing for the skating parties. There was no light inside this balcony, and one could look out over that great auditorium, and see all that went on without being seen. The God who prepared a fish for Jonah, had this built for this very occasion. Dan turned up a block of wood and sat down. He was only in there for a few minutes when a Baptist minister, well known to him, came in. He turned up another block of wood and he too sat down. Mr. Mullett came around selling Tabernacle Hymns Number Two, the hymn books being used in the meetings, and as Dan offered to buy one, his Baptist friend placed a hand upon his knee and fearing that he was coming under the spell of these so-called fanatics, said, "I would go slow about getting too

familiar with these people. Dan bought the book and carefully looked it through. The great crowd, the enthusiasm of the service, the bright, hearty singing, the live resounding orchestra, and then that little preacher under the mighty anointing of the Holy Ghost, all made their deep impression. It all thrilled him as he had never been thrilled before. Here was what his soul had longed for since the day he had surrendered his all to God. Here were people enjoying their religion. Never could he forget their shining faces and the ring of reality which sounded through the service.

Before the final verse of the closing hymn had been sung, and after the converts had streamed to the altar, he slipped out, unobserved, and walked home, a distance of over two miles. From his honest heart the cry went up to God, as he lifted his hands to heaven, "My God, am I wrong? Is there anything in the claim of these people regarding the Baptism of the Holy Ghost? Is there anything in healing by faith, as the needy one is anointed with oil?" We will see how God answered this honest cry from an honest heart.

It was while he was pastoring West Kildonan and McDougall Churches that the publisher of this record was born. The family album shows that in a humble home in West Kildonan one morning a baby boy came into the world, and that he was named Mark, after a revered uncle who was

widely known through the Belleville area of Ontario, and noted for his piety.

There, in Winnipeg the gateway to the west, in the goodness of God, Daniel Newton Buntain became my father and I will designate him as such throughout the rest of this narrative.

THE FIRST ANOINTING — FIVE GIRLS
FILLED — SEEKING IN EARNEST —
CONFERENCE DECISION—A TRAGEDY
AT McDOUGALL CHURCH—HE LEAVES
METHODISM

CHAPTER VIII

MY father took some holidays, and under the trees which surrounded a log cabin at Hillside Beach on Lake Winnipeg, prayerfully studied the Word, and tried to discover the Will of God. If this was God's way, he would follow it no matter who might go otherwise. Returning to the city he attended the meetings in the rink, and studied this spiritual awakening which was sweeping the land. He was in the crowd which failed to get into the larger rink, as the meetings swept on, and as he looked into this Pentecostal way he became conscious that here was the church which he had discovered away back in the homestead days, when he studied the Acts of the Apostles. Here was an honest effort being made to reproduce that church in the experience of modern lives. He would seek the experience of this happy people. He would seek the Baptism of the Holy Ghost for himself. If men today could have the same endowment of

power as Peter, John and Paul, he would have the same. He called his board together and proposed that they put the games and frolic out of the church, that they stop all suppers, concerts and money raising efforts, and turning the "back room" into a "prayer room" proceed with a soul-saving program. Of course, this provoked great opposition, but it drew down the blessing of God, and a new quickening came upon the church.

He set to work to seek in earnest for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and God Who had great things ahead, led him step by step.

One afternoon he went with my mother to an afternoon prayer meeting at 89 Matheson Avenue, North Winnipeg. Sister Barnett suggested to him that he should anoint certain sick, who were there, with oil that they might be healed. He did as he had seen Dr. Price do in the rink. As he anointed the first one, she fell upon the floor, as he was to know later, "under the power of God." The following Friday in the regular meeting of the Methodist Church, this woman rose and said, "You all know me, but you did not know that I have had cancerous ulcers for over three years; that I have had my left breast removed in an effort to have the disease checked; that I have never known what it was to spend a night without hot compresses on my body for three years. When the Pastor here anointed me with oil last Wednesday, I was completely

healed. I am clear of that disease as a little girl. Praise God!"

Some weeks later a woman was brought to the Methodist parsonage, suffering with great pain from adhesions, as the result of a previous operation. She was bent over, and could not straighten up. The same as the woman of the Scripture, "She was bowed together." As some friends brought her into the house, she fell upon her knees crying, "Please pray for me that Jesus may heal me." Seeing the agony of the woman, father took some olive oil on the ends of his fingers and very reverently rubbed it on her forehead. There were seven people present. They all got on their knees in earnest prayer. But the longer they prayed, the worse the patient became. She cried out in pain. He became alarmed. If this woman should die here without a doctor, he would be blamed. What would he do? He could not call a doctor into this noisy praying group. In desperation he called upon God, and the impression came upon him to anoint her seven times. He thought of Naaman at the Jordan, and taking the oil, anointed her the second time, and went back to prayer; then the third, and finally the seventh time. All the time the woman was lying upon the floor in an agony, saying through her tears, "Oh, it hurts; it hurts." But as he laid the oil upon her brow for the seventh time, she breathed a sigh and lifting up her hand de-

clared, "Praise God, I am healed." She was carried to a bed where she lay in silence for a few minutes.

We mention now without detail a great contributing factor to the whole story. God had sent into that home a little Pentecostal girl named "Martha". When the whole story is revealed in glory, Martha, the servant girl, will be seen to have played a most important part. How that dear girl could pray, and what an experience she had in God! That morning she was holding on in her sweet, innocent faith which reached right through to the heart of God. And as the woman lay on that bed, Martha came in with a cup of tea, and began feeding it to her with a spoon. The woman after a few sips of the tea, sat up in bed and began praising God for deliverance. When dinner was ready she sat in and ate a full dinner. Father drove her home in his car. Upon reaching the front door, she bounded from the car and ran along the walk and up the steps of the house, just like a school girl. God was answering that prayer from Dad's heart, "Lord, is there anything in healing by faith and obedience?" "Are these Pentecostal people right after all?" "Is the plan of God for the early church His plan for today?" These and other evidences were having a great effect upon his thinking and preaching. But he wanted something from God in

his own soul. God knew this and led him into his first experience in the Holy Ghost.

HIS FIRST ANOINTING IN THE HOLY GHOST

He had been examining his heart, and seeking to get everything on the altar. There was one thing which he was not willing to give over entirely into God's hands. He has referred to it at different times, but never has said what it was. Each person has their own individual something around which his battle will be fought. This was a personal matter, but after spending the most of one morning in prayer in the little bedroom, he came out, and as he passed the dining-room table, God gave him grace to surrender this, which was so dear to him, into the full control of God. Almost immediately the telephone rang, and a lady's voice came over the wire asking if that was Brother Buntain. She went on to explain that as she was trying to do her washing that morning, the Holy Ghost had told her to go to Brother Buntain, the Methodist minister in West Kildonan, and have him anoint her with oil and she would be healed. Could she come? He could only reply, "Yes." Shortly after dinner they arrived. No sooner had they entered into the front room when this sick woman, who was carrying a small bottle of oil, placed it upon the piano,

bowed by the stool and putting up her hands said, "Brother, God sent me here to be healed. He wants to test your faith." Father stood wondering what to do. Here was a new world that was growing around him—a world in which mighty currents were flowing. To know what was of the Spirit and what of the flesh. What a school he was to pass through. Here, like the children of Israel, he was at Kadesh. Would he go forward and enter the promised land, or should he send some spies to explore it. Looking up in silence to God, he took some of the oil upon his fingers and proceeded, again in sacred reverence, to anoint the woman; but his hands never reached her. A wave of glory swept upon him, coming down like streams of warm, glowing fire, it swept through him, tumbling him over on the floor in one direction, and the woman in the other. Here he lay for over two hours, as waves of anointing glory swept his being. He could hear the folk talking, and was conscious of all that was going on, but was powerless to get up. More, he did not want to. He describes the experience as floating in a sea of glory, where the ecstasy was so satisfying that he hoped it would never end. Finally, the power lifted and he stood up. Many would have said that he had received the Baptism in the Holy Ghost, but no, he had received his first anointing in the Holy Ghost.

FIVE YOUNG WOMEN FROM HIS CHURCH RECEIVE BAPTISM

Months rolled on. He made a thorough study of the scriptures relating to the Holy Ghost. He read books on the subject and prayed much about it. Then he began to preach a series of sermons on the subject. On the third Sunday morning, when he was about half way through the message, he broke down and began to cry. His knees began to shake, and a great trembling came over him. He belongs to that stoic Scotch stock, who are not naturally emotional; but he was to learn that when God gets hold of a surrendered man He can shake him; that He can mellow and sweeten the hardest heart. With this, he left the pulpit without closing the meeting, and going into the back room, bowed by a chair and let his emotions have full liberty. He knows now that God wanted to baptize him in the Holy Ghost that morning, but he was not ready. A vessel must be empty and thoroughly clean before the housewife will proceed to fill it; so much more the human vessel.

Mrs. Booth-Clibborn was holding meetings in Wesley Pentecostal Church. Five young women from father's choir, without asking leave, went down to the service and the whole five of them received the blessed Baptism of the Holy Spirit. The next afternoon he was driving south

on North Main Street in Winnipeg, when one of these girls, Dolly Nutter, (later Mrs. S. H. Wilson, of Chatham, Ontario) ran into the street, and stopping his car, opened the door and jumped into the seat, saying, "We have got it. Did you hear?" "Got what?" father asked in amazement. "Why, we got the Baptism in the Holy Ghost. What you have been preaching about these last few Sunday mornings. Five of us girls went to the Pentecostal church last night; and what a time we had!" She went on to try to describe the experience, and stated, "I have taken the afternoon off from work, as they are having a prayer meeting this afternoon. I would not miss it for anything." Father drove her down to the church, and let her talk about it all the way.

Wednesday evening came around. It was the regular prayer meeting night in the West Kildonan Methodist church. The usual small group of around six or eight was there. But this meeting was to set a new "high" for a meeting in that church. Those five girls were there. Even though they had sung in the church choir and had been active in the Sunday School, none of them had ever been in a prayer meeting, except on one occasion when two of them had come into the meeting by mistake, and when they found it to be a prayer meeting they rushed out again. They were in the church and very active at that, but they were

not in the kingdom. But now the place they loved best was the prayer meeting. The meeting opened, as usual, with a hymn; and then father said, "Let us pray." Those girls began to pray, and such praying was never heard in that church up until that day! Those young women poured out their hearts one after the other, with a faith and enthusiasm that left everybody else silent. Then, after a Bible reading father asked for testimonies. These girls, one after the other, were on their feet, their faces aglow, eyes shining, and told of their experience. Turning boldly, with moving language, they pled with all to seek God's fullest and best. The effect was stunning. It was evident to all that these young women had entered into a reality which completely satisfied. My father declares that there and then he did one of the most difficult things any pastor can ever do. He rose and tearfully acknowledged, to the group assembled, that he had been a failure, and a poor, powerless shepherd, only a shadow of what God wanted him to be. Those girls had something which he did not have. Would they pray for him that he might possess it? With this the Holy Ghost trembling came over him again, and as he sat down, his knees knocked together, as waves of emotion swept through his being. Meanwhile, there was a great stirring in both McDougall and Kildonan churches. The testimony of the girls, coupled with

the inspiration which visiting Pentecostal people brought into the meetings, set the place on fire with old time revival.

A TRAGEDY AT McDOUGAL CHURCH

At McDougall Church there was an unusual move among that fine group of people; stimulated by the satisfying breath from heaven, they were greatly impressed. Father, with open heart, was trying to lead them into God's best; so arranged for and planned a special service, at which the five young women were to sing, and each give her testimony. The building was packed. Interest ran high. A whole congregation was hungry for God, and ready to move when He might point the way. Dad did not preach. He let the testimony of those lovely young women do its work. Following one of the most impressive and helpful meetings ever held in any city, he spoke a few words, and asked any unsaved in the building to come to the altar. A number with tears of repentance, moved upon by the Holy Ghost, came out and bowed at the feet of Jesus. The audience was hushed into silence. Tears were flowing from many eyes. God was working. It was wonderful. Father stepped from the platform and began working with the seekers, when suddenly something happened which did more harm to the cause of Christ than a generation of effort could undo. A woman jumped up

in the middle of the church, and putting her hands above her head, began to jump up and down and scream—such unearthly screaming! The candidates at the altar jumped to their feet and wondered what was happening. The audience, untaught and frightened, thought that here was one getting the Baptism, or one who had it, and was under the power of the Spirit. They bolted for the door, streaming from the gallery and main floor. Before ten minutes, less than a dozen people remained in the church. Father rushed to the main exit, where a small group of Pentecostal people were standing, and pleaded with them to stop that woman. But they made no move. She kept on screaming and dancing, until she could see that the place was empty, then quietly slipped out. He was to learn that this was a trick of the devil to discredit the work of the Holy Ghost. He was to learn that when God begins to work, the enemy seeks to get control of mentally weak characters and use them to throw discredit upon the work of the Holy Ghost. He was to learn that such creatures have to be handled as all devil possessed beings should be. He had this same person carried, squealing and kicking, from his meeting some years later. She was in the grip of the enemy and there to defeat the plan of God. This one fanatical, foolish woman upset all God's plans for that church. The revival spirit had

vanished and their interest in the baptism of the Holy Spirit was gone. Many said, "I told you so. Those people are crazy." They were willing to judge the mightiest move ever sent among men by the actions of a few unbalanced fanatics. But the human is of all creatures most stupid, and left to himself will always decide the wrong way. Man so often will work against his highest and best interests. Democracy is a wonderful thing, but the majority is generally wrong.

HE LEAVES METHODISM

At Kildonan Church things were happening. The Provincial Conference came on. Certain fine people, alarmed at the possibility of this Pentecostal Movement dominating their church, circulated a petition for the removal of the pastor. It is significant that they were the same ones as had petitioned for him to be brought there. Now, when the church was filled with people, souls were being saved, and believers were seeking God with all their hearts, they became alarmed and asked that he be removed. On the very week in which Conference sat in session, there was by actual count, seventy-seven people in the mid-week prayer meeting. The evening was very warm, but the revival fires were burning and no atmospheric conditions ever kept people away when the glory of God is in the midst.

It was most significant that during that session of the Manitoba Conference, as observed by many present, every speaker laid stress upon the awful drift of the church away from the old land marks, and raised the cry, "Oh, for the old days, when the Holy Ghost fell in the Methodist circles, when red hot preaching brought tears of repentance down anxious cheeks, and shouts of victory were in the camp." Here in West Kildonan church was being demonstrated the old time religion, but because of the "scare-crow" which so many had set up, the hungry birds were frightened away from the corn. The old hell-hatched cry, "This is Pentecostal. This is fanaticism. This is old-fashioned. We don't want this shouting and praising God. We want the old-time blessing, but we want, like David of old, to fetch the cart to Jerusalem in our own way." And so, one of the greatest problems of Conference was, "What shall we do about West Kildonan?" The committee examined its pastor. He plainly told them of his experience. As he did, one of the officers felt his flesh to see if he could feel the anointing power. Father was happy, jubilant, satisfied. He had struck oil, and knew it.

They offered him a rural circuit; as one expressed, "He cannot do much harm out there." But he was positive and frankly told the Conference officers that they could send him back to Kildonan to carry on the work which God had

started, or they could leave him without a station. It was the year when Canadian Methodism was being merged with Presbyterianism. The hour came when, with the Conference all standing, Methodism was buried forever in Manitoba, and the new order was introduced. It is significant that as they all stood, the chairman of the Conference called upon father to lead in prayer. As he prayed he became aware that his words were the benediction which closed the last act of the drama of a Christian denomination in Manitoba, a church once resplendant with scenes of great victories and rich in revival experiences. He felt somehow that his voice was being heard for the last time amid those surroundings, but that it would ring again in the councils of those who would share with him a new life, while this conference was entering the unexplored, uncertain path of united effort in the amalgamation of the Methodist and Presbyterian denominations. Father was with high hopes and buoyant enthusiasm feeling the lure of a mighty Spirit, and with abounding confidence, was launching his all upon its tide.

A young couple sat amidst the crowd in Young Methodist Church, Winnipeg, and heard the closing chapter—the reading of the stationing list. As the secretary read, “Daniel Newton Buntain left without a station,” they swallowed hard, and knew



*The first faculty and student body of the present fine Bible college
at Winnipeg, Man.*
(Faculty—front row) Rev. F. M. Bellsmith, D. Russel, C. M. Sweet, D.D., Rev.
D. N. Buntain, Mrs. D. N. Buntain, Prof. A. D. Baker.



Mark, Mother, Alice, Father, Fulton



*Calvary Temple, Winnipeg, Man.
New home of Wesley Church congregation.*



Wesley College, Winnipeg, Man.



Graduation class, Wesley College, Winnipeg, 1922

that it was farewell to many associations that had grown very dear through the years. The following day, in conversation with the president, it was agreed that it would be best for him to turn in his credentials. He went to his study, and taking from its frame on the wall his ordination certificate, tied it up and carried it to him. There was no feeling of resentment in his heart, no blaming anyone. He knew that the brethren did not understand, that time would work it all out. The president, a lovely man, took him to Eaton's Grill Room and they had dinner together. He said that he was deeply sorry to have to take the ordination parchment, but it was the rule and order of the church. Father replied, "My dear Brother, I would not give you ten cents for a wagon load of these things, if they would keep me from the power of God." They parted friends, and have ever remained so. The expression of some of the men revealed their inner feelings—"Poor fellow, he might have been a wonderful man amongst us."—"A fine chap gone wrong."—"He might have held our best churches one day."—"But he belongs to that company who will not keep up with the times. He has lost his pride and is throwing his lot in with those despised Pentecostal people." Some only exhibited a grin of contempt and derision, as they discussed his testimony; but they were to learn that it is a very dangerous thing to make light of

the moving of the Spirit; that God has a way of catching up with the man who hurts one of His little ones. Rev. J. A. Lousley, the President of the Conference, did not belong to either class. He was a big, grand man, with a real soul, and was simply doing his duty as he saw it.

Father and mother walked from the church in silence. They had a call and a vision in their soul, but realizing that folk could not understand thought it was best to get away alone. He had the sum of ten cents in his pocket, and no money in the Bank. He tells of pinching that dime real hard as he heard his name read out of the methodist ministry for which they had made every sacrifice, and toward which they had struggled for years. But a deep, settled peace was upon them. Could not the Lord, Who had blessed them so, lead on and meet every need? Although no longer a recognized Methodist minister, it was necessary to conclude his contract with the Kildonan and McDougal churches, and fill the pulpit in each until July 1st. The salary for the intervening period, as in the plan of Methodism, would belong to the incoming man. The story of those two months, will have to be told again—of how God undertook financially and in every way—of that farewell Sunday, when practically everybody, young and old, were crying—of the souls that were saved and of how the revival continued.

Meanwhile, father was laying plans to open an independent Mission in Winnipeg. The building was located, and tentative arrangements made, when he was approached by the board of Wesley Pentecostal Assembly, and asked if he would be their pastor. He consented to go for a few Sundays. Many will read this, who were present at those meetings in that fine church. They will remember how, after a couple of months, a congregational meeting decided to ask him to become the permanent pastor. Meanwhile, he had been seeking for the fulness of the Spirit. He had marvellous anointings, and was conscious of a new power in his ministry, but realized that others had something deeper than he. He was resolved to have it at any cost.

GOD PREPARES THE VESSEL FOR THE FILLING—BAPTIZED IN THE HOLY GHOST

CHAPTER IX

ONE day my father was going up an escalator in Eaton's store, when he felt a strong hand upon his shoulder, and turned quickly to look into the face of Addison McLaren, his old-time chum of the lumber camp. Over sixteen years had gone by since they had parted on the station platform in Spokane, Washington. In the meantime Addison had moved to Manitoba, and was postmaster at Headingly, as well as the possessor of a good farm. This friendship was renewed with that depth which years of experience only can make possible.

Addison attended father's church, and was greatly helped by the services. But his body never very robust, broke down. Father ministered to him in the General Hospital in Winnipeg, and when he passed on to the Eternal land, had the sad privilege of laying him to rest in the country cemetery at Headingly, Manitoba. It was a strange synchronizing of events that brought those men together again, renewing a friendship that

was soon to be broken completely until it would be renewed in the New Jerusalem.

GOD PREPARES THE VESSEL FOR THE FILLING

Day by day my father was seeking the fulness of the Spirit. He saw many "come through" in the meetings, speaking in tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. He was greatly blessed but knew that there was more ahead. He also knew that God honestly was more anxious to see him filled with the Holy Ghost than he was to receive it. He waited before God, and studied the Word, and God was revealing things to him, as precious, dear saints were holding him up in prayer. He often tells of how they would gather around him in the prayer room and say, "We'll bring him through," then when they had arranged things as they thought, so as to be most effective, they would go "all out" in prayer effort. In spite of all their efforts he could not "get it". God was going to do it. He was able. He wanted to do it. Yes, God wants to baptize everybody in the Holy Ghost, far more than they could ever want it. But even God cannot fill anyone with the promised blessing until the candidate himself is ready. Young friends, as this influence of supernatural blessing—the baptism of the Holy Ghost was to prove the needed power to promote father's earliest ambition, so is it necessary in our lives for spiritual

success. Keep on. Press on. God needs you now. He will use any who will obey.

One night father went to bed, and to sleep, greatly concerned about his experience. God knew the earnestness of his heart and woke him up in the night, reminding him that one time in his early days in Saskatchewan he had ridden from Saskatoon to Edmonton, and had not paid his fare. He did not sleep the rest of the night, and resolved that he would go to the Canadian National Railroad Station and inquire the price of a ticket from Saskatoon to Edmonton. This he did and when he put the money in an envelope and mailed it to the Company, he walked home from the mail box "as light as a feather". God moved into his inner soul and gave him an earnest of the blessing. However, he did not receive the fulness that night. The tide was rising and the great tidal wave was on its way. Back in the ocean of Eternity, the God Who knows the reality of every truly surrendered heart, was preparing a special portion, as Joseph did for little Benjamin.

Right here let it be stated as he has repeated over and over again, "Let no person expect to have the same experience as I had. God never made any two people alike. He never made any two blades of grass alike. He does not have to do that. Nor does He ever give any two people the identical

experience, when He fills them with the Holy Ghost."

Some days later, as he was earnestly searching his heart before God, it was revealed to him that in a certain business transaction some years before, he had profited without the other person in the deal knowing anything about it. He was resolved that nothing must stand in the way of God having His way—so bought a money order and sent the amount to the party. He was ripening for God's plucking. He was following the pathway that leads to victory. God knew his heart was sincere. He was a candidate for everything that Peter and James and John had, and believed that he would get it.

CALLED TO WESLEY CHURCH, WINNIPEG

We stated before that the congregation met and instructed the Board to give him a unanimous call to Wesley Church. This was on Monday. The Board of the Church met him on Tuesday evening and conveyed to him the wish of the congregation. He thanked them, but stated that he could not accept because, according to the Constitution of the Assemblies, only those who had received the fulness of the Spirit could hold pastorates in the fellowship. He said, "There are plenty of folk here who have a deeper experience in God than I have and as the husbandman must be the

first partaker of the fruits, it would not be in Scriptural order for me to be pastor of a Pentecostal church." They agreed, and said, "You be the acting pastor, but you will have no authority in the church until you receive the fulness of the Spirit." He was to have much grief and misunderstanding later, as to who really did have authority in that church. All were to learn great lessons.

RECEIVES THE BAPTISM IN THE HOLY GHOST

Father went home and before the Lord, in his heart said, "Lord, if you want me to be pastor of Wesley Pentecostal Church, put your seal upon the appointment by baptizing me in the Holy Ghost." The next evening meeting time drew near in the little home. There was company at the house. Father said to mother, "I will go down and take charge of that meeting, but I won't be long. I will close early and leave the people in prayer. When I return we will have a lunch, and I will drive them home." It was a very usual Wednesday evening meeting, with opening songs, praise, prayer and testimonies, with real liberty. Folks were overflowing with joy, and it was quite evident that the most of them were hungry to hear the signal to go into the prayer room where they could open up their hearts completely and praise their Wonderful Saviour. Father spoke on a portion of the seventeenth chapter of John, and had

real liberty, as he unfolded our Lord's prayer. The main meeting over, he forgot all about his plan to be home early. In the glow and glory of the meeting he was carried away into scenes of joy and a rich anointing was flowing over his soul. As the congregation filed into the prayer room, father, as is usually the custom with prayer room workers, walked up and down the rows, encouraging this one and that one to victory. As he did so a voice spoke to him, "Go and pray for yourself!" It was not a human voice, but the voice as of God, sweet, convincing, convicting; impelling obedience. Immediately he went to a chair in the corner of the room, and falling upon his knees opened up his heart to God. There was no person near. All were concerned, as far as he knew, with their own heart burdens. No one was to claim any honour for this baptism. Jesus was going to do it, as He always will when the candidate is ready. The presence of the Lord seemed very real. It was not a noisy meeting. He began to talk to Jesus, just in a whisper. He seemed so near. "Jesus, why not fill me with the promised Holy Ghost tonight? Jesus, Thou knowest my heart, that I will pay any price—do anything to prove that I love Thee and want to follow Thee. Lord, I will follow Thee." As the glow of the Spirit became more real, he began repeating over that beautiful consecration hymn, "Take my life

and let it be consecrated Lord to Thee.” He does not remember how far down he got in the verses, when the same streams of glory fell upon him as had swept down from the Throne of God that wonderful afternoon over a year before when he had received his first real anointing. It came first in his fingers and flowed down his uplifted hands, in living fire, and as he yielded himself to it, really relaxed and let go, there came into the prayer room a mighty rushing wind. It was of course no natural wind, but the same wind that had swept through the upper room in Jerusalem when the hundred and twenty were ready that day, swept in Wesley Church prayer room at Winnipeg that night. He found himself bouncing in the Spirit up and down in the air, as that wind with cyclonic force was blowing through his being. He has likened it to ribbons in the wind of an electric fan. That wind was blowing every bit of dross and uncleanness out of his being.

As he bounced higher than usual on one mighty bubble under the anointing of the Spirit he was in the pearly glow where he saw the Lord in the glory. He tried to find language to praise Him, but his Anglo-Saxon phraseology was hopelessly inadequate. Then, as water fills a sponge, the wonderful promised Comforter came in and filled his whole inner being. As He took possession, the human intellect was for the next few minutes eclipsed

and submerged. The Holy Ghost himself from the inner soul (it cannot be described, only those who have experienced it can understand) took possession of the tongue. Only then could he find language adequate to praise Jesus. In uncontrollable utterances He went on praising and magnifying God. He thought he was on the top of a great mountain, with the world as an audience, and was telling them in the language of another world that Jesus was coming again, and to repent and get ready. As he lay there on the floor, others came through to the same experience.

Brother T. Heatly, one of the deacons of the church, fell under the power and the Comforter within his breast carried on a conversation with the Comforter within father's bosom. He describes this as the most wonderful moment of his life. It was but a foretaste of what goes on in Heaven when everything earthly will be eliminated. After a time of glory and sweetness, such as only those who have experienced it can understand, he rose up and started home. The car was full of people. One precious sister said, "Brother, I received the interpretation in the spirit as you began to speak in other tongues." He said little, for it was so hard to find the English again. A new awakening joy had been discovered—"speaking in a heavenly language"—the loveliest, sweetest, most wonderful experience anyone can ever know until in actual

reality they walk in the New Jerusalem and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. For several days the glory remained; and to this day every time he thinks of, or speaks about the Holy Spirit, that same warm anointing glow is felt, coursing through his being. He would find himself even as he would go into a store, breaking out in tongues. But he was soon to learn that the "spirits of the prophets are subject to the control of the prophets."

A couple of weeks later there came into his church office a missionary from Mexico—Anna Sanders, by name. All who know her can testify as to her deep piety and earnestness. She said, "Brother Buntain, I was in the prayer room the other night when you were filled with the Holy Ghost, and received the interpretation of what you said when you came through to the experience. He was all alive with interest, for he remembered the interpretation given in the car that night. "What did I say?" Anna gave him the identical words that the other saint had given in the car. Here he had it confirmed in the mouth of two witnesses.

Through this experience he was lifted out of bondage into power. The Bible became in a flash a new wonderful book; prayer became a new phenomenon; and sermons which now flowed from the Word like a silver stream. An animation of glowing glory moved in his being as a powerful

love and concern for eternity-bound souls gripped him.

Several ambitious, well-meaning people, knowing of his break from the past, besieged him during the year, in their zeal for their doctrine, and did their best to have him go their way. The next morning after receiving the "promise of the Father," he got down upon his knees on the floor of the church office, and cried unto God to settle this thing. There and then he received a revelation which established him in the "Apostles' doctrine and fellowship"—that there are four fundamental doctrines, salvation—the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, Divine Healing, and the Return of our Lord. That all attempts to build a fellowship around any deviation from these can only end in failure. That fellowship cannot be established around a doctrine, essential or non-essential but around an experience in Christ. He received a revelation of the true import of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He was lifted into a new place in prayer. Great fear came into his soul—a fear of getting out of the will of God.

In that hour God taught him sound theological truth such as he could never have learned in the seminaries. Later he was led to Brandon where "signs and wonders" were wrought in the name of the Holy Child Jesus. Over one hundred bowed

at the altar in the joint campaign, and fifty-five received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost in two weeks.

THIS IS WHY HE IS A PENTECOSTAL PREACHER.

It was the beginning of a rich ministry which extended over nearly twelve years in that church; and at the time of writing is being shared across the world through his preaching, teaching and writing.

We are the architects of our own fortunes. The God of my father is our God too. He answers prayer. I trust that these chapters have instilled in your bosom a deeper desire to launch even further out on the ocean of God's love.

Once again—"Keep on! Press on!" God needs *you now!*

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

SERMON PREACHED AT SYLVAN LAKE CAMP
GROUND, ALBERTA.

(Abridged)

By D. N. BUNTAIN

ALL are more or less familiar with the story of the prophet Daniel—how he was carried down to Babylon when a boy and how he rose to be the greatest character within five hundred years of his time. Among the many inspiring stories we have of this man there is none more thrilling than the account of his interpretation of the King's dream.

Nebuchadnezzar dreamed a dream but like many of us he could not remember the dream. It however troubled him, so he called together all the wise men of the kingdom and demanded of them that they make known unto him the dream and the interpretation thereof. The soothsayers and the Chaldeans with one accord affirmed that no such demand had ever been made by any king of any wise man, and that the answer to such a question belonged only to the gods. The king in fury replied—"If you cannot tell me the dream and make known the interpretation of the same,

you will all be put to death.” There was great gloom in the land of Babylon. Every wise man must die; but there was no gloom nor fear in Daniel’s heart. He knew God and knew He would not fail him. God had seen him through every test in the past and would reveal the dream to him. We find Daniel gathering together a few friends who he knew could touch God in prayer and, in the middle of the night a shout of victory burst from their hearts. Daniel had heard from Heaven! God had made known to him the dream with the interpretation. It is a marvellous thing to live where one can touch God, and it is a marvellous thing to hear direct from Heaven. Do not blame the Pentecostal people for shouting. My dear One, if you ever hear direct from Heaven, you will shout too. The glory of it is such that with some, if they did not shout they would feel like dying. There is a wonderful satisfaction in a Hallelujah shout.

Morning dawned in the palace of the king. With long, sad faces and tear-stained eyes the wise men gathered. It was surely a day of deep gloom for all those hypocrites and humbugs. Daniel comes in! “Glory!” he shouts. “What is wrong with you?” they ask—“Do you know that this is the day of death?” “No death for us. This is Glory Day, Hallelujah! I have heard from Heaven. Let me speak to the king.” Arioch takes him in and Daniel says, “O, King, I can tell you your dream



Wesley Pentecostal Church, Winnipeg, Man.



*First night class in original Bible School
J. E. Purdie, D.D.; K. I. Reid, M.A.; D. N. Buntain, Faculty*



The first faculty of the present splendid Bible school at Toronto, Ont.
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General Conference, Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada, Hamilton, Ont., Sept, 1936
 Rev. D. N. Buntain elected Genl. Supt. at this conference.

and the interpretation thereof." "Say on," says the king, and Daniel proceeds to tell him what he saw, that he saw a great image with head, shoulders, arms, belly, thighs and legs. As Daniel unfolds the dream the king becomes more and more enthused — "Go on, go on," he exclaims. "That is it. Daniel, where did you get it?" Daniel with noble dignity draws himself to his full height and replies—"The God whom I serve gave it to me in the night seasons." "And this is the interpretation of the same"—The image foretold the history of the coming ages. Kingdom after kingdom would rise and fall. First the great Kingdom of Babylon would go down followed by the Medo-Persian. It too would become great but centering in Greece, another kingdom would rise and sweep the Medo-Persian Empire from the scene. Leading men of Greece would say "Our Kingdom founded upon culture and philosophy cannot go down," but it must go down, for whatever God says must happen. An Empire, known as the Roman Empire, would then rise which would dominate Greece and hold sway over all the world. In the midst of this a new King will be born, typified in the Stone cut from the mountain without human hands, which began to roll and keep on until it filled all the earth. Yes, kingdom after kingdom would rise and fall; but there would come a Kingdom which would never pass away.

The ages roll on and history tells us that Daniel's interpretation of the dream was correct. Prophets, sages and honest hearts looked and longed for that Promised Kingdom. One day there appeared in the Valley of the Jordan a man who had been filled with the Holy Ghost from His mother's womb. He was preaching with great power and, even though the Jordan Valley was a most uninviting place, the people flocked to hear him. What was his message? "Repent for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Get ready, turn from your sins, for the long promised Kingdom is about to be set up.

We read that Jesus came into Galilee preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and when we enquire what is the Gospel of the Kingdom we learn that when the very first enquirer came to Christ, He said unto him—"Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom," and again He says, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot enter into the Kingdom." If a man is in this Kingdom he has everything. If he misses it, no matter how great his possessions or position, he has nothing. I was born into the British Empire. My ancestors, as far back as we can trace the family tree, were British; but being born into the British Kingdom did not get me into this Kingdom. I had to be born again before I could get into the everlasting Kingdom. .

There was one paramount theme upon which our Lord discoursed during His earthly ministry. It was this Kingdom. We hear Him over and over again beginning His discourses with these words, "The Kingdom is likened unto—" The disciples, of course, could not comprehend it. They thought that He was going to make Jerusalem the capital of the world and that they were going to be very important characters in that Kingdom. At no time were they more filled with wonder than when after following Him for nearly three years, as they were gathered at Caesarea Philippi, He asked them saying, "Whom do men say that I am?" One of them answered, "Some say that Thou art Elias, the others say that Thou art John the Baptist." He pressed the question—"But whom say ye that I am." Peter said "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." Then Jesus answered, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." What rock? Peter? No, no. He knew that Peter was going to fail Him a few days later. No, upon this discovery, this faith in Him as the Divine Son of God. Upon this rock I will build my Church. Now, notice how He continued, "I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom," not the keys of Heaven or Hell or the Church but the Keys of the Kingdom.

One can imagine the disciples looking at each

other when they got alone and saying, "Did you ever hear such a thing? What does it all mean? He has been talking about a Kingdom for nearly three years." Daniel saw it coming; John the Baptist declared that it was near at hand. Our Lord had been speaking of it over and over again. It had been the paramount theme running through all His teaching, and now Peter says, "I am to have the keys of the Kingdom." From this time on things happened with sudden, dramatic succession. He went to Jerusalem. There were the scenes in the Temple, the clashes with the authorities, the arrest, trial and crucifixion. Then the three most awful days this old world has ever known, when the Son of God lay in the tomb. Then the glorious resurrection. "He is alive." The words spread like wildfire from one believer to another, and we read in Acts 1 that for forty days He discoursed with them on things "Pertaining to the Kingdom." One can imagine what spirited conversation took place among them. How they would review over and over again His sayings and one can be sure that this question of the Kingdom would be the outstanding theme. Daniel saw kingdoms rise and fall, and then he saw a Kingdom rise which would never pass away, and Peter says, "I was promised the keys. Whatever this Kingdom is, I am to have the keys."

We are told in Acts Chapter one and verse three

that He spent the 40 days between His resurrection and the ascension "speaking of the things concerning the kingdom." Having submitted to them the plans and specifications for the Christian Church, He gathered them on a little hill outside Jerusalem and after giving them His last command and promise, He ascended to the right hand of God the eternal Father until He should come again in like manner as they had seen Him go.

They hurried to Jerusalem and, going to an upper room, resolved that they would wait for the Promise of the Father. No group of people ever had such responsibilities resting upon them, and no group of people were ever so open to ridicule and contempt, as this band into whose trust had been committed the only plan that would ever be worked out for the Salvation of a lost world. The days went by. Nothing happened. They were sorely tried; but One had promised who had never failed. What wondering moments they had! How they discussed over and over that Kingdom, and again Peter says, "He promised me the keys; but He went away and never said another thing about them." Finally, the Day of Pentecost came. "They were all with one accord in one place, when suddenly there was a sound from Heaven, and there appeared cloven tongues of fire which sat upon each of them, and they all began to speak with

other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.” “Glory”, cries Peter, “I have the keys.” He jumped up and began to preach and as He did so, he put the keys in the door of the Kingdom. It swung wide open and three thousand Hebrews marched in the very first day. With the dangling of the keys and the swinging open of the door, the New Testament Church was born. Praise God, He has the same set of keys for all today. “Ye shall receive power,” were His last words. That man or woman who is preaching from the pulpit, teaching a Sunday School class or in any way working at the great task of building the Kingdom, is as helpless as Peter was until he got the keys. After the experience of Pentecost he went on from victory to victory. In the unction and anointing and glory of the Holy Ghost these men showed all succeeding generations the way to build the Kingdom. They obeyed the Master; they paid the price and received the power which enabled them to fulfil their part of the task. Will you? They had a part. They finished it. We have our day, our task. We can claim the same promises, for Peter never had a thing which you and I cannot have.

“YE SHALL RECEIVE POWER”—FOR
WHAT ?

SERMON PREACHED BY D. N. BUNTAIN AT ELIM
TABERNACLE, SASKATOON, SASK.
(Abridged)

IN the Acts of the Apostles, Chapter one and verse four, we read that our Lord “being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem; but wait for the Promise of the Father.” We might ask, “Why did He have to command them not to leave Jerusalem?” Why were they eager to leave Jerusalem? We find the answer in Matthew 28 and 29 where the rest of the conversation is recorded. He had given a previous command, “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,” and had coupled with this command the never failing promise “Lo, I am with you.” He knew that in their zeal and determination to have His abiding Presence, they would rush out unprepared and begin spreading the Gospel. These pioneer christians had become possessed with the fact that there was only one way, one condition upon which they could claim His continual

Presence, and that was by going forth with the story of Salvation to others. They had been in the most effective Bible School in all the world, and yet they needed something more. Our Lord knew that something more than zeal and vision was needed if they were to succeed, so we hear Him saying unto this peculiar group (peculiar because they were converted). "John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost." If Jesus had stopped there it would not have caused much stir among them for ever since that memorable morning when John had baptized Him with water, He had been speaking to them about the Comforter Whom He would send. Here, however, He adds four more words—"Not many days hence." These words inspired new faith and courage in the company. They were to receive the Promise. That which was so manifest in their Lord was to be their's. They would not have to wait long. The hour had come for action—"Not many days hence." He followed with these words, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." *What for? Why were they to receive power?* Many in my audience today have received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. I ask you, "Why did God baptize you in the Holy Ghost?" Some of you are seeking and tarrying for the experience. I ask, "Why do you want the Baptism of the Holy Ghost?" It is true, as many

know, that the experience of receiving the Baptism of the Holy Ghost is the most wonderful experience that will ever be known by mortal man until in actual reality he walks the Golden Street of the Great Beyond, and joins in the Song of Moses and the Lamb. It is true that as one receives the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, one knows the joy and glory of speaking in tongues. It is true that the Bible becomes a new Book, its very words are different and truths flash from its pages which before were so meaningless. It is true that if a man has a talent for song, he will sing as he never sang before. It is true that if he is a preacher, he will now preach with liberty, unction and power He did not know before. It is true that prayer is no longer a fine arranging of sentences, which express thanks and offer praise; but a new indwelling force contacting the Divine. It is true that the meeting where Holy Ghost filled people gather is a different meeting from any other. It is true that people cannot be satisfied with ordinary meetings, after entering into this experience. They miss His Presence in ordinary meetings. Yes, all this is true and yet this is not the purpose of the Holy Ghost infilling. We turn to the Scripture again for our answer—Acts chapter one and verse eight, "Ye shall receive power." "Amen" says Peter, "I surely need something beyond myself." "Amen" say John and Andrew and all the rest, "Yes, we surely need

what the Master had.” “After that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, *ye shall be witnesses.*” Here we have our answer. Men and women were to receive power that they might be witnesses.

Here is the primeval hour of the Church, Jesus our Lord laid down a plan whereby an individual, a local assembly or a world organization might go on to fulfil His great purpose; have something real from God and transmit that something to others. In this way, and in no other way, can we stand, in the light of His last great promise. It is for this He came, for this He organized the Church, for this He sends the Holy Spirit, that we may be effective witnesses.

Oh, that I had the power to awaken believers everywhere to see that men without Christ are lost; that no matter how talented or ignorant, no matter whether poor or rich, unless they know Christ as Saviour, they are lost. The biggest fact of the ages is the fact that God sent His Son to Calvary to die for the sins of men and women. The biggest thing that any man or woman can do is to direct eternity-bound souls to the Saviour.

In the scene which has inspired this message, we find Jesus, as He addresses the first group of believers, laying down a working plan which, if followed, must succeed in having the Church fulfil her great purpose in the world. They were first

to believe on Him. This was essential to Salvation. They could not know the power of His resurrection unless they believed on Him. There were multitudes of people in and around Jerusalem, but He did not mean a thing to any outside the company who had an active faith in Him. They were to tarry and receive the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Then they were to go out and tell others. He gave them His final, never-failing Promise on the condition that they would obey. He then left for the Glory world and reported that He had not organized anything—had not chosen the greatest of men to carry on; but had left His words of everlasting import with a few uneducated fishermen. He had promised them, however, that the Father would send the Comforter, and that if they would launch out in the power of the Holy Spirit and tell others, He would be with them until the end of time. Those primitive believers had enough commonsense to know that if He were with them they would have everything; but that without Him, no matter what else they had, they were poor indeed. So they were eager to carry out His orders that they might claim His Promise.

In the world vision which He gave them, it is significant that they were to begin at Jerusalem. Many would have thought, "It will be hard to witness around home, so I will go away where I am not known. It will be easier in Samaria or Judea."

But, in clear, ringing tones He said "Beginning at Jerusalem." Now, if I lived in Saskatoon I should be a member of this church and this would be my Jerusalem. My enjoyment of the Promise of Christ in my heart, life, home and business would not depend upon the activities of this church, the fine discourses of its pastor; not even upon my receiving the Baptism of the Holy Ghost but upon the extent of my witnessing there. That is what He gave me power for and it is according to my obedience to Him that I shall share in the glory of His Presence. Wherever a Christian finds himself, that is his Jerusalem. I travel the train from coast to coast, but no matter where I am, there is my Jerusalem, and if I want His Presence with me, flooding my soul and empowering my ministry, I must be true in witnessing there. Recently, when walking in one of our camp grounds, a fine looking man approached, gripped my hand and, introducing himself, stated that he was saved, healed and enjoying the Presence and power of Christ, because I had witnessed to him in a railway coach. If all church members would become alive to the true purpose of Christ in pouring out the Promise of the Father, they would not only live in a new world of victory and glory, but the churches would not be able to hold the people who would be crowding it to give glory and adoration to the One who so loved them.

We are, however, bigger today than Saskatoon. Those early pilgrims were to be bigger than Jerusalem. Christ died and rose again for Judea, Samaria and even for every man in the uttermost parts of the earth. Christ had given all in order that He might make possible every blessing for them. He left a simple plan whereby all could enter in and enjoy the full provision of His love. All had different talents and powers, but the all-important thing was, "How can I best fit into the great program? How can I best be a transmitter of the Gospel?"

All can not preach; all can not teach, and yet, all can be filled with the Holy Spirit for the express purpose of being witnesses in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, and to the uttermost parts of the earth. We find that as they went forth, fired with this enthusiasm the church grew by leaps and bounds until there were five thousand men in it. It was as God had planned for the Church, the most powerful agency in the whole land. Then came the persecution and dispersion of the Church. Here we learn that "They which were scattered abroad went everywhere, preaching the Word." Every member was a living witness for Christ.

As the Church settled down, the Holy Ghost Who had filled them and Who had control of them, said unto the assembled church at Antioch,

“Separate unto me Paul and Barnabas, for the work whereunto I have called them”. We read that this body of believers obeyed and after fasting and prayer, they sent them away. Some were to go, others were to provide the means. Some were filled with the Holy Ghost and given the genius of preaching and teaching, others, as they were filled with the Holy Ghost, were given the genius of business; but all for one paramount purpose—that each in his appointed place might make the business of making known to men that God had a Son, the paramount business of his life.

The world about us truly lies in the lap of the wicked one; mighty forces are lined up against the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ; but He has promised, “Ye shall receive power”, and “Ye shall be witnesses.” Praise God, He has provided a way whereby all can claim the abiding Presence of His Son!

All can witness at home, though all cannot go in person to the millions in distant lands. Yet, all can really go by means of prayer and giving.

In answer to the challenge which comes to our day and generation, dozens of our young people are putting their all on the altar and offering their lives to be witnesses in these foreign lands. Others are catching the vision and entering into the true purpose of God in giving them the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. They are seeing that as He is calling

some to go to the lands afar with the message of the Saviour and giving them power to face every opposition. He is calling others to business, to farming and various occupations and giving them genius for the same, not merely that they may have a nice business and all the comforts associated with it, but for the great purpose that, through this business or profession, they may provide the money to send the volunteers on their way. They realize that they can be the most effective witnesses of all. In this way they are making sure of His presence in their own hearts and of His directing hand on their business and home activities. They are making sure that the very forces which have flowed from the heart of God, creating loveliness in nature everywhere, will flow in their hearts, home and business.

